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D. R. LOCKE'S LAST NOVEL. Read announcement on Fourth Page.

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Poetry.

THE RANCHMAN'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.

HE seems indeed the child of grace,
With perfect form and witching face,
In which no vanity I trace
Beyond the arts which nature taught her;
And very modest, good and kind
Is this sweet maiden, to my mind,
And not a fault is there to find
In the ranchman's pretty daughter.

She rides her horse with perfect ease,
Can kill a deer whene'er she pleases,
And knows the names of flowers and trees,
And sings the songs sweet birds have taught her;
The fish all come to seize her hook,
She takes the finest in the brook,
And now my heart is also took
By the ranchman's pretty daughter.

She rules the kitchen like a queen
And keeps the house so neat and clean
There's not a cobweb to be seen,
So swift the hands that never falter.
Her voice clear as a matin bell,
Her lips as sweet as honey well,
There's lots more things I'd like to tell
Of the ranchman's pretty daughter.

I am to claim her mine some day
And take her miles and miles away,
To my fair home upon the bay,
Across the ocean's wasteof water.
And then with gems I'll deck her brow
And worship her as I do now,
The ranchman's pretty daughter.
—*N. S. Cox in Galveston News.*

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

I asked her if she'd take a stroll,
She said she didn't care,
I asked her if she'd take my arm,
She said she didn't care.
I carelessly remarked, "How warm!"
She said she didn't care.
"Let's take the opera in," said I,
She said she didn't care.
"What seats do you prefer I'd buy?"
She said she didn't care.
Quoth I, when going home, "Ice cream?"
She said she didn't care.
"Oh, do I wake, or do I dream!"
She said she didn't care.
"Oh, will you be my bonny bride?"
She said she didn't care—to have
More than one husband is a time.
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Our Story Teller.

A SECRET OF TELEGRAPH HILL.

A Novelette Written for the Blade.

BY BRET HARTE.

Author of "Tales of the Argonauts," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Cressy" etc. Now First Published. Copyright 1889 by the Author.

PART III.

CONCLUDED.

POSSIBLY the magnetism of Herbert's intent and astonished gaze affected him. He moved slightly, half opened his eyes, said "Helloo, Tap," rubbed them again, wholly opened them, fixed them with a lazy stare on Herbert and said:

"Now, who the devil are you?"

"I think I have the right to ask that question,considering that this is my room," said Herbert, sharply.

"Your room?"

"Yes!"

The stranger half raised himself on his elbow, glanced round the room, settled himself slowly back on the pillows with his hands clasped lightly behind his head, dropped his eyelids, smiled and said:

"Rats!"

"What?" demanded Herbert, with a resentful sense of sacrilege to Cherry's virgin slang.

"Well—old rats then! Dy'e think I don't know this shebang? Look here, Johnny—what are you putting on all this side for, eh? What's your little game? Where's Tappington?"

"If you mean Mr. Brooks, the son of this house, who formerly lived in this room," repited Herbert, with a formal precision intended to show a doubt of the stranger's knowledge of Tappington, "you ought to know that he has left town."

"Left town?" echoed the stranger, raising himself again. "Oh! I see; getting rather too warm for him here? Humph! I ought to have thought of that. Well, you know he did take mighty big risks, anyway!" He was silent a moment, with his brows knit and a rather dangerous expression in his handsome face. "So some d——d hound gave him away—eh?"

"I hadn't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Brooks except by reputation, as the respected son of the lady upon whose house you have just intruded," said Herbert frigidly, yet with a creeping consciousness of some unpleasant revelation.

The stranger stared at him for a moment, again looked carefully around the room, and then suddenly dropped his head back on the pillow, and with his white hands over his eyes and mouth tried to restrain a spasm of silent laughter. After an effort he succeeded, wiped his moist eyes, and sat up.

"So you didn't know Tappington, eh?" he said, lazily buttoning his collar.

"No."

"No more do I."

He retied his cravat, yawned, rose, shook himself perfectly neat again, and going to Herbert's dressing table, quietly took up a brush, and began to lightly brush himself, occasionally turning to the window to examine it. Presently he turned to Herbert and said:

"Well, Johnny, what's your name?"

"I am Herbert Bly, of Carstone's Bank."

"So? And a member of this same vigilance committee, I reckon," he continued.

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Bly, I owe you an apology for coming here, and some thanks for the only sleep I've had in 48 hours. I struck this

THIS WAS THE SECRET.

old shebang about 10 o'clock, and it is now 2, so I reckon I've put in about four hours' square sleep. Now, look here." He beckoned Herbert towards the window. "Do you see those three men standing under the gaslight? Well, they're part of a gang of Vigilantes who've hunted me to the hill, and are waiting to see me come out of the bushes where they reckon I'm hiding. Go to them and say that I'm here! Tell them you've got Gentleman George—George Dornton, the man they've been hunting for a week—in this room. I promise you I won't stir or kick up a row, when they've come. Do it, and Carstone, if he's a square man, will raise your salary for it, and promote you." He yawned slightly, and then slowly looked around him, drew the easy chair towards him and dropped comfortably into it, gazing at the astounded and motionless Herbert with a lazy smile.

"You're wondering what my little game is, Johnny, ain't you? Well, I'll tell you. What with being hunted from pillar to post, putting my old pards to no end of trouble and then slipping up on it when I think I've got a sure thing like this"—he cast an almost affectionate glance at the bed—"I've come to the conclusion that it's played out and I may as well hand in my checks. It's only a question of my being run out of 'Frisco, or hiding until I can slip out myself; and I've reckoned I might as well give them the trouble and expense of transportation. And if I can put a good thing in your way in doing it—why, it will sort of make things square with you for the fuss I've given you."

Even in the stupefaction and helplessness of knowing that the man before him was the notorious duellist and gambler, George Dornton, one of the first marked for deportation by the vigilance committee, Herbert recognized all he had heard of his invincible coolness, courage, and almost philosophic fatalism. For an instant his youthful imagination checked even his indignation. When he recovered himself, he said, with rising color and boyish vehemence—

"Whoever you may be, I am neither a police officer nor a spy. You have no right to insult me by supposing that I would profit by the mistake that made you my guest, or that I would refuse you the sanctuary of the roof that covers your insult as well as your blunder."

The stranger gazed at him with an amused expression, and then rose and stretched out his hand.

"Shake, Mr. Bly! You're the only man that ever kicked George Dornton when he deserved it. Good night!" He took his hat and walked to the door.

"Stop!" said Herbert impulsively; "the night is far gone; go back and finish your sleep."

"You mean it?"

"I do."

The stranger turned, walked back to the bed, unfastening his coat and collar as he did so, and laid himself down in the attitude of a moment before.

"I will call you in the morning," continued Herbert. "By that time"—he hesitated—"by that time—your pursuers may have given up their search. One word more. You will be frank with me?"

"Go on."

"Tappington and you are—friends?"

"Well—yes."

His mother and sister knowsnothing of this?"

"I reckon he didn't boast of it. I didn't. Is that all?" sleepily.

"Yes."

"Don't you worry about him. Good-night.

"Good-night."

But even at that moment George Dornton had dropped off in a quiet, peaceful sleep.

Herbert turned down the light, and drawing his easy-chair to the window, dropped into it in bewildering reflection. This then was the secret—unknown to mother and daughter—unsuspected by all! This was the double life of Tappington, half-revealed in his flirtation with the neighbors, in the hidden cards behind the books, in the mysterious visitor—still unaccounted for—and now wholly exploded by this sleeping confederate, for whom somehow, Herbert felt the greatest sympathy! What was to be done? What should he say to Cherry—to her mother—to Mr. Carstone? Yet he had felt he had done right. From time to time he turned to the motionless recumbent shadow on the bed and listened to its slow and peaceful respiration. Apart from that undefinable attraction which all original natures have for each other, the thrice blessed mystery of protection of the helpless, for the first time in his life, seemed to dawn upon him through that night.

Nevertheless, the actual dawn came slowly. Twice he nodded and awoke quickly with a start. The third time it was day. The street lamps were extinguished, and with them the moving, restless watchers seemed also to have vanished. Suddenly a formal, deliberate rapping at the door leading to the hall startled him to his feet.

It must be Ellen. So much the better; he could quickly get rid of her. He glanced at the bed; Dornton slept on undisturbed. He unlocked the door cautiously, and instinctively fell back before the erect, shawled,and decorous figure of Mrs. Brooks. But an utterly new resolution and excitement had supplanted the habitual resignation of her handsome features, and given them an angry sparkle of expression.

Recollecting himself, he instantly stepped forward into the passage, drawing to the door behind him, as she, with equal celerity, opposed it with her hand.

"Mr. Bly," she said, deliberately, "Ellen has just told me that your voice has been heard in conversation with some one in this room late last night. Up to this mo-

LET ME FIRST EXPLAIN.

ment I have foolishly allowed my daughter to persuade me that certain infamous scandals regarding your conduct here were false. I must ask you as a gentleman to let me pass now and satisfy myself."

"But, my dear madam; one moment. Let me first explain—I beg"—stammered Herbert with a half-hysterical laugh. "I assure you a gentleman friend—"

But she had pushed him aside and entered precipitately. With a quick, feminine glance around the room, she turned to the bed, and then halted in overwhelming confustion.

"Eyes front," said Herbert in a hasty whisper. "A friend of mine who returned with me late, and whom, on account of the disturbed state of the streets, I induced to stay here all night. He was so tired that I have not had the heart to disturb him yet."

"Oh, pray don't!—I beg"—said Mrs. Brooks, with a certain youthful vivacity, but still gazing at the stranger's handsome features as she slowly retreated. "Not for worlds!"

Herbert was relieved; she was actually blushing.

"You see, it was quite unpremeditated I assure you. We came in together," whispered Herbert, leading her to the door, "and I—I—"

"Don't believe a word of it, madam," said a lazy voice from the bed, as the stranger leisurely raised himself upright, putting the last finishing touch to his cravat as he shook himself neat again. "I'm an utter stranger to him, and he knows it. He found me here hiding from the vigilantes, who were chasing me on the hill. I got in at that door, which happened to be unlocked. He let me in because he was a gentleman—and—I—wasn't. I beg your pardon, madam, for having interrupted him before you; but it was a little rough to have him lie on my account when he wasn't the kind of man to lie on his own. You'll forgive him—won't you, please?—and, as I'm taking myself off now, perhaps you'll overlook my intrusion too."

It was impossible to convey the lazy frankness of this speech, the charming smile with which it was accompanied, or the easy yet deferential manner with which, taking up his hat, he bowed to Mrs. Brooks as he advanced towards the door.

"But," said Mrs. Brooks, hurriedly glancing from Herbert to the stranger, "it must be the vigilantes who are now hanging about the street. Ellen saw them from her window, and thought they were your friends, Mr. Bly. This gentleman—your friend"—she had become a little confused in her novel excitement—"really ought not to go out now. It would be madness."

"If you wouldn't mind his remaining a little longer, it certainly would be safer," said Herbert, with wondering gratitude.

"I certainly shouldn't consent to his leaving my house now," said Mrs. Brooks, with dignity; "and if you wouldn't mind calling Cherry here, Mr. Bly—she's in the dining room—and then showing yourself for a moment in the street and finding out what they wanted, it would be the best thing to do."

Herbert flew down stairs; in a few hurried words he gave the same explanation to the astounded Cherry that he had given to her mother, with the mischievous addition that Mrs. Brook's unjust suspicions had precipitated her into becoming an amicable accomplice, and then ran out into the street. Here he ascertained from one of the vigilantes whom he knew, that they were really seeking Dornton; but that, concluding that the fugitive had already escaped to the wharves, they expected to withdraw their surveillance at noon. Somewhat relieved, he hastened back, to find the stranger calmly seated on the sofa in the parlor with the same air of frank indifference, lazily relating the incidents of his flight to the two women, who were listening with every expression of sympathy and interest. "Poor fellow!" said Cherry, taking the astonished Bly into the hall. "I don't believe he's half as bad as *they* said he is—or even as he makes himself out to be. But *did* you notice mother?"

Herbert, a little dazed, and, it must be confessed, a trifle uneasy at this ready acceptance of the stranger,abstractly said he had not.

"Why, it's the most ridiculous thing. she's actually going around without her shawl, and doesn't seem to know it."

CHAPTER V.

HEN Herbert finally reached the bank that morning he was still in a state of doubt and perplexity. He had parted with his grateful visitor, whose safety in a few hours seemed assured, but without the least further revelation or actual allusion to anything antecedent to his selecting Tappington's room as refuge. More than that, Herbert was convinced, from his manner, that he had no intention of making a confident of Mrs. Brooks, and this convinced him that Dornton's previous relations with Tappington were not utterly inconsistent with that young man's decorous reputation, but were unexpected by the family. The stranger's familiar knowledge of the room, his mysterious allusions to the "risks" Tappington had taken, and his sudden silence on the discovery of Bly's ignorance of the whole affair—all pointed to some secret that, innocent or not, was more or less perilous, not only to the son, but to the mother and sister. Of the latter's ignorance he had no doubt—but had he any right to enlighten them? Admitting that Tappington had deceived them with the others, would they thank him for opening their eyes to it? If they had already a suspicion would they care to know that it was shared by him? Halting between his frankness and his delicacy, the final thought that in his budding relations with the daughter, it might seem a cruel bid for her confidence, or a revenge for their distrust of him, inclined him to silence. But an unforseen occurrence took the matter from his hands. At noon he was told that Mr. Carstone wished to see him in his private room.

Satisfied that his complicity with Dornton's escape was discovered, the unfortunate Herbert presented himself, pale, but self-possessed, before his employer. That brief man of business bade him be seated, and, standing himself before the fireplace, looked down, curiously, but not unkindly, upon his employe.

"Mr. Bly, the bank does not usually interfere with the private affairs of its employes, but for certain reasons which I prefer to explain to you later, I must ask you to give me a straightforward answer to one or two questions. I may say that they have nothing to do with your relations to the bank, which are, to us, perfectly satisfactory.

More than ever convinced that Mr. Carstone was about to speak about his visitor, Herbert signified his willingness to reply.

"You have been seen a great deal with Miss Brooks lately—on the street and elsewhere—acting as her escort, and evidently on terms of intimacy. To do you both justice, neither of you seemed to have made it a secret or avoided observation; but I must ask you directly if it is with her mother's permission?"

Considerably relieved, but wondering what was coming, Herbert answered, with boyish frankness, that it was.

"Are you—engaged to the young lady?"

"No, sir."

"Are you—well, Mr. Bly—briefly, are you what is called 'in love' with her?" asked the banker, with a certain brusque hurrying over of a sentiment evidently incompatible with their present business surroundings.

Herbert blushed. It was the first time he had heard the question voiced, even by himself.

"I am," he said resolutely.

"And you wish to marry her?"

"If I dared ask her to accept a young man with no position as yet," stammered Herbert.

"People don't usually consider a young man in Carstone's bank of no position," said the banker,dryly; "and I wish for your sake that were only the impediment. For I am compelled to reveal to you a secret." He paused and folding his arms, looked fixedly down upon his clerk. "Mr. Bly, Tappington Brooks, the brother of your sweetheart, was a defaulter and embezzler from this bank!"

Herbert sat dumbfounded and motionless.

"Understand two things," continued Mr. Carstone, quickly. "First, that no purer or better women exist than Miss Brooks and her mother. Second, that they know nothing of this, and that only myself and one other man are in possession of the secret."

He slightly changed his position, and went on more deliberately. "Six weeks ago Tappington sat in that chair where you are sitting now, a convicted hypocrite and thief. Luckily for him, although his guilt was plain, and the whole secret of his double life revealed to me, a sum of money advanced in pity by one of his gambling confederates had made his accounts good and saved him from suspicion in the eyes of his fellow clerks and my partner. At first he tried to fight me on that point; then he blustered and said his mother could have refunded the money; and asked me what was a paltry five thousand dollars! I told him, Mr. Bly, that it might be five years of his youth in states prison; that it might be five years of sorrow and ashame for his mother and sister; that it might be an everlasting stain on the name of his dead father—my friend. He talked of killing himself; I told him he was a cowardly fool. He asked me to give him up to the authorities; I told him I intended to take the law in my own hands, and give him another chance; and then he broke down. I transferred him that very day, without giving him time to communicate with anybody, to our branch office at Portland, with a letter explaining his position to our agent, and the strict injunction that for six months he should be under strict surveillance. I myself undertook to explain his sudden departure to Mrs. Brooks, and obliged him to write to her from time to time." He paused, and then continued: "So far I believe my plan has been successful; the secret has been kept; he has broken with the evil associates that ruined him here—to the best of my knowledge he has had no communication with them since; even a certain woman here who shared his vicious, hidden life, has abandoned him."

"Are you sure?" asked Herbert, involuntarily as he recalled his mysterious visitor.

"I believe the vigilance committee has considered it a public duty to deport her and her confederates beyond the States," returned Carstone, dryly.

Another idea flashed upon Herbert. "And the gambler who advanced the money to save Tappington?" he said breathlessly.

"Wasn't such a hound as the rest of his kind, if report says true," answered Carstone. "He was well known here as a George Dornton—Gentleman George—a man capable of better things. But he was before your time, Mr. Bly—you don't know him."

Herbert didn't deem it a felicitous moment to correct his employer, and Mr. Carstone continued. "I have now told you what it was my duty to tell you. I must leave you to judge how far it affects your relations with Miss Brooks."

Herbert did not hesitate. "I should be very sorry, sir, to seem to undervalue your consideration or disregard your warning; but I am afraid that even if you had been less merciful to Tappington, and he were now a convicted felon, I should change neither my feelings nor my intentions to his sister."

"And you would still marry her?" said Carstone, sternly; "you, an employe of the Bank, would set the example of allying yourself with one who had robbed it?"

"I—am afraid I would, sir," said Herbert, slowly.

"Even if it were a question of your remaining here!" said Carstone, grimly.

Poor Herbert already saw himself dismissed, and again taking up his weary quest for employment; but, nevertheless, he answered stoutly—

"Yes, sir."

"And nothing will prevent you marrying Miss Brooks?"

"Nothing—save my inability to support her."

"Then," said Mr. Carstone, with a peculiar light in his eyes, "it only remains for the bank to mark its opinion of your conduct by increasing your salary to enable you to do so! Shake hands, Mr. Bly," he said, laughing. "I think you'll do to tie to—and I believe the young lady will be of the same opinion. But not a word to either her or her mother in regard to what you have heard. And now I may tell you something more. I am not without hope of Tappington's future, nor—d——n it!—without some excuse for his fault, sir. He was artificially brought up. When my old friend died, Mrs. Brooks, still a handsome woman like all her sex, wouldn't rest until she had another devotion,and wrapped herself and her children up in the church. Theology may be all right for grown people, but it's apt to make children artificial; and Tappington was pious before he was fairly good. He drew on a religious credit before he had a moral capital behind it. He was brought up with no knowledge of the world, and when he went into it—I captured him. I don't say there are not saints born into the world occasionally; but for every one, you'll find a lot of promiscuous human nature. My old friend, Josiah Brooks, had a heap of it, and it wouldn't be strange if some was left in his children, and burst through their straight-lacing in a queer way. That's all! Good morning, Mr. Bly. Forget what I've told you for six months, and then I shouldn't wonder if Tappington was on hand to give his sister away."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Carstone's prophecy was but half realized. At the end of six months Herbert Bly's discretion and devotion were duly rewarded by Cherry's hand. But Tappington did not give her away. That saintly prodigal passed his period of probation with exemplary rectitude, but either from dread of old temptation, or some unexplained reason, he preferred to remain at Portland, and his fastidious nest on Telegraph Hill knew him no more. The key of the little door on the side street passed, naturally, into the keeping of Mrs. Bly.

Whether the secret of Tappington's double life was ever revealed to the two women is not known to the chronicler. Mrs. Bly is reported to have said that the climate of Oregon was more suited to her brother's delicate constitution than the damp fogs of San Francisco, and that his tastes were always opposed to the mere frivolity of metropolitan society. The only possible reason for supposing that the mother may have become cognizant of her son's youthful errors was in the occasional visits to the house of the handsome George Dornton, who, in the social revolution that followed the brief reign of the Vigilance committee, characteristically returned as a dashing stockbroker, and the fact that Mrs. Brooks seemed to have discarded her ascetic shawl forever. But as all this was contemporaneous with the absurd rumor that owing to the loneliness induced by the marriage of her daughter she contemplated a similar change in her own condition, it is deemed unworthy the serious consideration of this veracious chronicle.

[THE END.]

THE MODERN MAIDEN.

I.

When fair Aurora calls the Dawn
The golden Day to waken,
And robins on the verdant lawn
The early worms do rake in,
And Sol begins to light the skies
And tint the heaving billow,
My lady in her chamber lies
Asleep upon her pillow.

II.

Oh, beautious sight! A cheek so fair
On snowy arms reposing,
And lips just parted, rosebuds rare,
Two rows of pearls disclosing.
The light into her chamber streams,
Its brio-sobrne adorning,
And she awakens from her dreams
To greet the golden morning.

III.

She springs from bed; how fair is she
All in her maiden glory,
Like Venus rising from the sea,
As told in classic story;
She opens her door, the charming sprite,
And calls her brother Fredey
To tell her ma the fire to light
And get the breakfast ready!

IV.

When she is dressed she goes down stairs
And gives the cook some orders,
Then to the dining room repairs
To mash the young men boarders.
The breakfast over, up she springs,
And tells her ma and Hannah
To wash the dishes while she sings
And bangs the grand piano.

Had to Have Relief.

The little girl in this story had been anxious to peep in upon the grown-up world and find out what kind of conversation took place between her mother and her friends. She had begged to be permitted to stay in the drawing-room when her mother received visitors, and at last she was granted permission. She was quiet; she sat demurely for a while and listened. Then she went out, and presently a curious noise of thuds and knocks were heard outside. It was not loud. Presently she came in again and took her seat, sat patiently a little longer, and got up and went out. Again the same peculiar noise was heard. After the visitors had gone her mother called her and said:

"What were you doing out there, and why did you leave the room?"

"Well, I'll tell you,mamma. I got so tired of hearing these women talk that I went out in the hall and turned somersets to relieve myself."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Living Portrait.

Miss Hightone (seeing Rollo, the new Scotch terrier, for the first time)—Why, Sarah! what have you done with Duke, that lovely little pug?

Mrs. Llewyn (lately a widow)—Oh, I've given him away. I like Rollo much better; he reminds me so much of poor dear Alfred, who had such lovely blonde whiskers.—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Natural Explanation.

Miss Smalltork—Good evening, Mr. Litehed; how well you look.

Mr. Litehed—Thank you, Miss Smalltork. Do you know why I look well? There's a conundrum.

"Oh, how delightful! Do tell me? I give right up."

"Because I am well, Miss Smalltork." (And he becomes the conversational hero of the evening.)—*Time.*

Might Precipitate a Run.

Colorado Bank President—Boys, I'm afraid of a run on the bank.

Clerks (in surprise)—Why?

"Why? Well, I'll tell you why. It's six weeks since a desperado came in here and demanded several thousands in cash."

"Well?"

"Well, if some bandit doesn't come along pretty quick the depositors will begin to think that something is wrong."—*Time.*

A Bad Break.

Henry—Yes, Carrie, I love you with all my heart.

Carrie—It seems strange, Henry, that you should think so much of me.

Henry—I don't know about that. There's no accounting for tastes you know.—*Boston Transcript.*

Delicate Shades.

Bonton Flathers, Esq.—I suppose you don't speak to the common herd any more, Miss Luckeigh?

Miss Luckeigh (who has just realized largely)—Why, certainly, Mr. Flathers, how do you do?—*Life.*

A Big Mouth.

Elberton, Ga., has a curiosity in the form of a colored boy. His advantage lies in the unusual size of his mouth. He can put a large baseball in this organ, and then have room for his hands to pull it out.

GENIAL BOB BURDETTE

Makes the World Glad by His Happy Hits.

The *Spectator* says that "darkness generally diminishes the springs of energy in a man and disheartens him for his work." Well, that is true when the man is feeling along a swinging shelf in the cellar at midnight on a cloudy night and no matches; but it is a mighty rough thing on the astronomers if the saying holds true all around.

THE REST OF US ARE MORE FORTUNATE.

"Is it not wonderful," said Mrs. Hardpounder, as she reluctantly left the remains of the piano, "that at the time he composed that wonderful symphony, Beethoven was stone deaf?" Chorus, in F minor—"Lucky man!"

ISN'T THERE A FAMILIAR LOOK TO THIS?

"The use ov tobako in enl form iz a habit better not akweird, and when akweird iz beter abandond. It givz a doutful plezhur with a serten penalti. The odius praktis ov tobako smoking bei the yung kounerz the nashonal welfare, and iz wurthi ov veri jeneral konsiderashion." Looks like dear old Josh Billings, doesn't it? Well, it isn't Billings; it's an easy and pretty way the wise men have invented of making the best and solumust bewkx in the wurld lewk lelk kummick alminax.

IN NATURE'S PATHS.

"Why," asked the Mole, pausing in the midst of an excavation contract which nobody wanted him to continue, while he leisurely conversed with the Eagle in order to kill the working time that hangs so heavily upon the ennui stricken hands of the day laborer. "Why do you sit gazing so steadily up into the dim blue ether?" "Because," replied the King of Birds, who was too fly to get stuck on a simple hand woven conundrum, "it is a soar spot with me." So saying, he tucked the Mole into Delver of the soil and made it sore for him. This fabula docets that when a man asks a conundrum he should be ready to dive into the bomb proof as he perfects the alignment of his closing sentence.

SAFER THAN DYNAMITE.

A Philadelphia paper, bringing to bear against the proposed Prohibition amendment a battering argument that sweeps the whole matter from the field of controversy like a chain shot, says, after showing, to its own satisfaction, that the millenium has already reached the earth and has established its pure and beneficent headquarters in the saloons, "There is not a licensed saloon in the city which is not as reasonably safe a place, so far as immunity from foul treatment for the saloonkeeper or his bartender is concerned, as any other business place." The argument was not elaborated as far as it might have been, had not the columns of the paper been somewhat crowded by an account of the trial of a Norristown barkeeper for the murder of one of his customers by smashing his head with a club and then hauling him out into a closet and leaving him to die. Oh, yes, the saloon may be said to be "a reasonably safe place for the bartender." Who ever said it wasn't? But we don't just see the force of the argument against Prohibition. A hole in the rocks is a safe place for a rattlesnake. That's where he lives. It isn't a very good place for the children to play, however.

LOOKS LIKE A HORIZONTAL CLIMBER.

The *Botanical Gazette* says that "on our Western plains a cheriapodaceous plant is famous as a roller." We should say so; stand it on end and we should think it would be useful as a pile driver.

NO REFERENCE TO HIM.

"Now," said the passenger sitting with his feet on the other seat, "This Bible of yours says the very hairs of your head are numbered. Do you mean to tell me that some divine or angelic being actually went to the trouble to count the hairs of my head?" "Of course not," replied the parson, who was not such a meek man as he looked to be, "the text doesn't mention bristles, even by inference." And shortly afterward the parson, who had been riding on the wood box, got a seat, but the religious discussion was dropped.

WHY DOESN'T HE STAY THERE?

Lee Merriwether's new book, bright and interesting, is called "The Tramp at Home." We always supposed a tramp was a fellow without a home.

WHERE IS THE SCHOOLMASTER?

There are 125,000 persons who can neither read nor write, all in one state, and it isn't in Texas, either, that we find them. They are in Massachusetts. What is wanted in Massachusetts is a little less culture and a little more readin', ritin', 'n' rethmetic; less eye glawss and more eyes; less accent and more education.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WHAT BASE BALL DOES.

It Makes Liars of Us All and Demoralizes The Community.

"The other afternoon," said a down-town merchant yesterday, "it was quite dull at the store, and I set out to make several business calls that I had neglected for some days.

"I went first to my lawyer's. I found in his door a card saying that he had gone to court for an hour. Then I went to see my family physician. His slate bore a notice to the effect that he would be back at 5, as he had gone to attend a serious case. My wood dealer left word with his office boy that he had gone home to look after a sick child, and I couldn't find any one in.

"I hated to go back to the store, so I decided to take in the afternoon base ball game. In the grand stand at the grounds I saw my lawyer yelling at Campau, my doctor keeping score on a prescription blank, and my coal man sitting over in the smokers' section. On what they call the 'bleaching boards' I saw three of my own clerks who had gone home at noon with sick headaches. Is base ball degenerating? Well, I guess not."—*Detroit News.*

Drawing.

Two strangers were talking on the cars, and one was a portrait painter. After some time the other inquired the painter's business.

"I am an artist," he replied modestly.

"Ah," said the other, "what do you draw?"

"Faces."

"And I am an artist," continued the other.

"Ah," exclaimed the painter, with a smile of interest, "and pray, may I ask, what do you draw?"

"Teeth," said the other. "I am a dentist."

Then the artist got up, and left the seat.—*Washington Critic.*

A Large Party.

Crimsonbeak—I expect a large party here to-day.

Yeast—Indeed! Who's coming?

"My uncle."

"Who else?"

"No one else."

"But you said a large party."

"Well, my uncle weighs 350 pounds."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Utility First.

Minister—"Ah, Mr. Pillar, the church is sadly in need of funds."

Parishioner—"What's wanted?"

"I have started a subscription to buy the new organ and another for the poor of the parish."

"I can't contribute to both."

"Then subscribe to the organ fund."—*Time.*

Wanted a Want.

"I wish," said Bronson, going to the "want" window of a daily paper, "you would show me an assortment of wants. I'd like a light straw want for Summer wear. My long felt one has about worn out."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Going Into the Profession.

"I hear you are going into the law, Mr. Barkins. What branch do you take up, patent or railroad?"

"Breach of promise. I'm the defendant."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A One-Armed Fight.

Two one-armed men had a desperate fight in Oglethorpe, Ga., the other day, and were getting in some telling blows when a one-armed man ran between and separated them.

Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

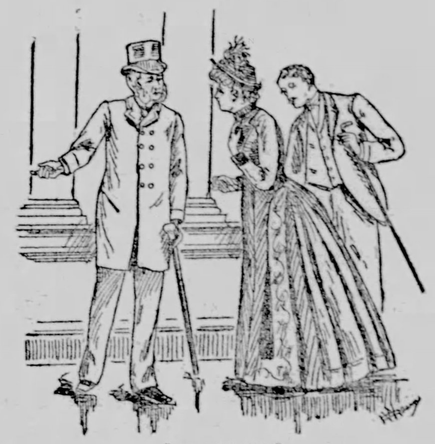
CHAPTER XII.—A MEDICAL MANIA.

IT was in a perfect storm of wind and rain that George Waldy and I arrived at Dover Pier. The Calais boat had been sighted, so we struggled on in the wet and darkness, while here and there a gleam of flaring gaslight showed me the crested waves of the Channel, and the salt spray beating against my face reminded me—Oh, how sadly!—of the "North Countrie" and the change, the woeful change, in my prospects, that the last few days had wrought.

It had been arranged between us how my presence was to be accounted for; therefore, both silent by mutual consent, we took up our position close to the gangway.

We had not long to wait. The boat arrived, the passengers began to land.

"There's father!" exclaimed my companion, as a man of military appearance, with perfectly white hair which, however, he wore rather long, approached within a few yards of us. He was carrying a traveling bag.



"I AM SURE OF IT"

"Does he know?" I wondered, as I noted in the gaslight what a grave look his features wore.

"He knows nothing," whispered George, seemingly in answer to my thoughts. "The pater is in one of his absent fits. Let us follow him!"

We kept close to Dr. Waldy until he entered the station; then George touched him, and he looked around.

"Hallo! my boy. What brings you here?" he asked, his grave face becoming for the moment animated.

"To meet you," the young man answered, simply. "A lady is with me who wishes to speak to you in private. There is a room here we can have. I've bespoken it on purpose to avoid being disturbed."

He opened the door of a small, bare, badly-lighted apartment as he spoke, and when he had entered he continued:

"Mrs. Lorraine, my father, Dr. Waldy, whom you wish to consult——"

The doctor bowed, and, after looking at me keenly, said:

"It is not about yourself, I think. Will you be seated, and explain? George, leave us."

"Your son need not go away, Dr. Waldy. No; it is not of myself I have to speak, May I ask if you have seen anything in the newspapers about a supposed murder?"

"I've not read an English newspaper for a week. I've been traveling with a patient rather off the ordinary routes. But continue, Mrs. Lorraine. I am attending."

It struck me as quite necessary that he should say he was attending; otherwise I might have doubted it. His manner was abstracted to a degree.

"The accused is as innocent as I am, Dr. Waldy. I want you first to be quite assured of this—although the evidence was so strong against him."

"I am entirely in the dark, madam, as to the circumstances, and can only accept your word for it. But may I ask how you know him to be innocent?"

"I am sure of it."

"A woman's answer. The man is something to you, then?"

"He is everything—all the world! My husband!"

"Ha! But what can I do? You must explain."

"He is accused—Oh, believe me, most wrongfully, on circumstantial evidence alone—of killing a young girl. He! O Dr. Waldy, when you see him, know him, speak with him—if you have the slightest knowledge of human nature—you will be satisfied, instantly, that such a thing is impossible. *He could not do it!* The poor girl was found dead in a railway carriage—the evidence said—*strangled*; and *he*, because he failed in giving what the law considered a satisfactory account of himself, was arrested on suspicion, and having no witnesses to prove his innocence, is now in prison awaiting his trial for—wilful murder."

"Fools, fools!" he muttered. I knew I had his full attention now. "I will take up your husband's cause," he continued aloud. "It is a disease of the brain which conduces to murder, and until this becomes an admitted fact the legislature is responsible for half the murders done. Can you picture to yourself the suffering—the excruciating mental agony a human being endures before the fell disease takes such hold of him as to compel him to do the deed? I never had a clearer illustration of my theory than in the patient I have now been taking abroad. Let me tell you of it, for it bears strongly upon your case. The man came to me—we were old chums in India, years ago—and knowing I am a specialist, he came and said: 'Waldy, old friend, there's something wrong with me. Hear my case, and if you can't cure me, shut me up as a lunatic for life.' He soon told me his symptoms; they were an overweening desire to kill. 'But, my God!' said he, holding his head while he spoke, 'it is my wife, my children—those whom I love best on earth that at times I long to slay with some weapon or strangle with my own hands. I feel impelled to do it, as though some devil were urging me on, and the agony—the agony is intolerable. 'Why do you hold your head?' I asked, as it might seem irrelevantly. 'Because it aches; but the physical suffering I hail with delight, for then I know I'm safe. It is when that pain leaves me that the mental torment begins.' To make a long story short, I performed a surgical operation and removed a minute portion of bone which was pressing on the brain, the result of an old injury which had been forgotten. That man is as well now as either you or I. It was the inexpressible delight and *pride* I felt at seeing him restored to his wife and family *cured*, that induced me, not only to go with him to join them in the south of France, but also to remain there."

His countenance was radiant with satisfaction; he stood up; he began to walk the floor.

I looked at George, who seemed in despair, and I felt blamed me for leading his father, as he thought, too far off the track.

Going up to the doctor and laying a hand softly on his arm: "You *will* see and talk with my husband?" I asked him earnestly.

"By heaven, I will, madam. Do you doubt it?"

"Then listen, for I have more to say. Prepare yourself for it not only concerns you closely, but is most infinitely sad. Your daughter—Bertha——" A lump rose in my throat, choking my utterance. Oh, why could I not go on as I had planned?

"What of her? George, tell me. What does this mean?"

As young Waldy was about to speak, by a superhuman effort I recovered myself sufficiently to say:

"Probably you were aware, better than anyone else, sir, that she—she—was not strong? But to be seized so suddenly—cut off so young—neither your son nor yourself near her——"

"Great Heaven! What has happened? How—when did it occur?"

"She died on Saturday night, quite suddenly. But not alone—thank God. Dr. Waldy, by great good fortune for her and you—though most unhappily for him—my dear husband was with her at the time. He, I repeat, is the only one who can tell you of her end. You have promised me you will go to him. There is a double fulfilment now. You will hear from his own lips—the truth."

"Poor Bertie! poor child! And I not near her—I, who might have saved her! This is one of the penalties of our profession—these nearest us are left, while we—at least give me some details."

"No one living, but my husband can do that."

"Then take me to him, or bring him—now."

"George, repeat to your father—for, heaven help me, I can not—where my husband is, and why."

"Father," said he, "Mr. Lorraine is in London. You have heard that he is in prison, awaiting his trial? He happened to be traveling in the same carriage as poor Bertie, and they think that he alone was present at the time, he must have killed her. His wife knows he is innocent, and I—believe it."

However much of this scene had been premeditated by me, most assuredly what next occurred was not on the programme. I am ashamed to say my feelings so far overcame me that I fell on my knees at this man's feet, and cried amid half-stifled sobs:

"Dr. Waldy, there is some mystery about this poor girl's death. You alone can solve it. For God's sake do so, and save my husband! Save him!"

"Madam, in the practice of my profession," he said sternly, as he assisted me to rise, "all personal feeling must be forgotten. What I do will be for the sake of —science."

I was not sorry he spoke thus.

It enabled me to regain composure, and restored my self-reliance; without these, alas, I knew too well I should be helpless in fighting the battle that was before me.

A few hours later, Dr. Waldy, George and I returned to London.

On entering my apartment at Charing Cross, I found the major and a gentleman, whom the former introduced as the solicitor for the defense; his name was a well-known one, but for obvious reasons I omit mentioning it here.

"You've seen Philip?" I asked. My uncle nodded, then said: "He has every comfort that could be expected—"

"Yes, yes! But go on. Did he ask about me? Did you say I was well and cheerful, happy in the belief of his innocence—certain that all would soon be right? Tell me! Don't keep me in this suspense—" I exclaimed, brokenly.

Ah, how I hungered for news of Philip! And these two men were freshly come from his presence, had talked

Recent Literature.

A BATCH OF JUNE BOOKS.

The Latest Efforts of Authors and Publishers Discussed and Commented On for Blade Readers.

The latest issue of the "American Statesmen" series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is "George Washington," by Henry Cabot Lodge, which comes in two neat cloth volumes, with a total of 740 pages. The life, military and political career, and the character of the Father of his Country are drawn by a kindly, appreciative and competent hand. The purpose which the author had in view may best be gathered from the following extract from his introduction; and it is but simple justice to say that he has succeeded well in his effort:

There can be no new Washington discovered, because there never was but one. But the real man has been so overlaid with myths and traditions, so distorted by misleading criticisms, that he has been well nigh lost. We have the religious or statuesque myth, we have the Weems myth, and the ludicrous myth of the writer of paragraphs. * * Behind the popular myths, behind the statuesque figure of the orator and preacher, behind the general and the president of the historians, there was a strong, vigorous man, in whose veins ran warm, red blood, in whose heart was strong passions and deep sympathy for humanity, in whose brain were far-reaching thoughts, and who was informed throughout his being with a resistless will. * * In the right interpretation of the words, and the deeds, and the true history known to all men, we can merely find George Washington "the noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life."

All cultured readers rejoice that Roberts Brothers, the Boston publishers, entered upon the project of issuing a translation, worthy of the author, of the works of Balzac. The labor of rendering them into appropriate English is in the hands of Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, and her task is performed in a style meriting the highest praise. Balzac's wonderful pictures of the life and social conditions of which he was a part. It was not altogether a good world, but he portrayed it as he saw it, praising its virtues and condemning its vices, not by mere moralizing, but by events and action. The latest issue is "Seraphita," with a learned dissertation on the story by way of introduction, by George Frederic Parsons, in which he discusses the meaning of Balzac in the tale—which is a psychologic study of a lofty soul, which inspires in lower minds a respect for its seeming madness and a deep sense of a future existence. The volume is a handsome 12 mo., bound in half Russia; $1.50.

"Darwinism, an Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with some of its applications," is a volume of 494 pages, by Alfred Russel Wallace, LL. D., F. L. S., published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York. Prof. Wallace discusses the problem of the origin of species on the same general lines as did Darwin, but from a standpoint reached after nearly thirty years of discussion and evidence. The book is less a general treatise on evolution in general than a discussion enabling the reader to obtain a clear conception of Darwin's work, and to understand the power and range of this great principle. Darwin's "descent with modification" is universally accepted as the order of nature, with plants and animals; his objectors no longer deny his theory, but limit their discussions to the particular means by which a change of species has been accomplished, not the fact of that change. To all who wish to obtain the latest and best authoritative statement of the position of the scientific world on the Darwinian theory, this book is especially commended. Price $1.75.

Macmillan & Co. are issuing a very valuable series under the title of "English Men of Action," being biographies of noted English leaders, military and civil. The fifth of the series (which contemplates eighteen) is "Wellington." The career of the conqueror of Napoleon is well and interestingly told in the neat 254-page volume, flexible red cloth, which sells at the very cheap price of 60 cents. It contains a good portrait of the "Iron Duke," and the only lack we can suggest is that of maps to explain the great campaigns of the renowned leader.

The same publishing house (which has an American branch in New York) is also issuing another series, uniform with the above, entitled, "Twelve English Statesmen." The sixth number, just out is "Henry the Seventh," the Richmond who overthrew the humpbacked tyrant, Richard III, at Bosworth Field, and succeeded to the throne. The story is plainly and simply told, and the book is up to the high mark of excellence set by the previous issues.

Those teachers who are earnestly endeavoring to perfect themselves in their profession, and who enter into the spirit of "the new education," will find a helpful volume in "How to Study Geography," by that pioneer in the modern methods of co-educating brain, eye and hand, Col. Francis W. Parker. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and forms the 12th volume of their International Education series. It is a book for progressive teachers by a past master in pedagogy. No wide-awake teacher can afford to be without any book that Col. Parker writes.

"Shad and Shed," by E. Jay Edwards, a member of the New York *Sun* editorial staff, and a rising writer, is a story of colonial life in Connecticut in 1665, turning on the effort of Gov. Nichols to unite the colonies of New York and Connecticut, in which the noted regicide Gen. Goffe, who lived in concealment in Connecticut at that time, figures largely, and the two Puritan brothers, Shad and Shed, whose names give title to the book. The novel gives an extremely interesting picture of old colonial times, incidentally shedding much light on a little-known period of American history, and is well worth perusal. Paper; 25 cents. The United Service Publishing Co., New York.

Electricity is the modern wonder-worker, but, common as are electric contrivances, there are many people who do not understand the laws which govern this mysterious and potent force, nor how it is impressed into man's service. To such persons, "The A B C of Electricity," by Wm. H. Meadowcroft, and endorsed by Edison himself, will prove a most interesting manual. It tells, in plain language, all about electricity, and how it is applied in the telegraph, telephone, electric light, etc; the construction and principles of dynamos and other electric machinery. Price 30 cents; published by Frank P. Lovell & Co., 142-144 Worth street, New York. It would be cheap at double the price.

G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York city, sends THE BLADE two extremely useful little manuals. The first is "A Doctor's Don'ts," an admirable collection of things in a medical way which people ought not to do. Among the 600 "don'ts" in the book there are many which are disregarded through ignorance and carelessness. Paper, 25 cents.

The second is "Blunders in Educated Circles Corrected," and is devoted to errors in speech—not only common mispronunciations, but errors in the use of prepositions and auxiliaries, in the phrasing of sentences and in the use of words themselves. It is quite as useful in its way as its companion, noted above.

"The Changed Brides," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, is a 25 cent edition of one of this prolific authoress's most popular novels, just issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

"The Bancroft Co.," San Francisco, have just issued a second edition, revised and enlarged, of "A Popular History of California." It is a 216-page volume, cloth, containing in compact form a narration of events pertaining to the Golden State for its discovery to the present day. It is of value, also, to all who seek to know more about the soil, climate and productions of California.

"The Water-Spirit's Bride, and Other Poems," is a thin little volume of the poetic effusions of Charles J. Bayne, a young poet hailing from Georgia. Mr. Bayne's poetry is not likely to create much of a sensation in literary circles, as it is in no wise noteworthy. Cloth, 60 cents. John B. Alden, New York.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have commenced the publication of a paper-covered 50-cent series, entitled the "Riverside Paper Series." The first issue is a cheap but good edition of "John Ward, Preacher," which has had a run unequaled by any novel this year save "Robert Elsmere." The second issue is Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." If the succeeding numbers stand as high in the scale of excellence as the two which begin it, the publishers will succeed admirably. The paper is excellent, the type large and clear, and the presswork excellent.

Among the numerous "series" and "libraries" of novels issued by leading houses, Appleton's "Town and Country Library" takes a conspicuous place, both from its merits and its typographical excellence. The novels embraced in it are all good, and are presented in tasteful paper covers, beautifully printed on good paper, at 50 cents each. The late numbers are as follows:

"The Reproach of Annesley," by Maxwell Grey, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." It is a strong story, with clear-cut characterizations of English rural life. While it does not excel her former work, it is also a story of striking power and originality.

"Near to Happiness," a novel, translated from the French by Frank H. Potter. It is a story of French life, unobjectionable in theme and treatment, and good reading for a June afternoon.

Lewis Pendleton's "In the Wire-Grass," No. 29 of the series, is a story of Southern life, the scene being located among the pines and sandy ridges of Southern Georgia, not far from the Florida border. The negro characters, while they cut merely a subsidiary figure in the story itself, are drawn with rare fidelity to nature, and their dialect is reproduced faithfully—a point on which most authors fail miserably. The story is a quiet one, but there are some studies of human character in it worth attention.

"Lace," by Paul Lindau, a Berlin romance, is the next number. It is a strong story, in which German life among the aristocratic circles of Berlin is graphically pictured. The title is an allusion to a piece of antique lace called the "Lamoral," which figures in the story. The *motif* of the latter can be gathered from the following French rhyme, referring to this bit of historic lace:

"Dentelle Lamoral,
Ecrasse la morale,
Puis donne la mortal,
Adultere fatal."

Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, in their excellent "Globe Series" of reprint English novels, publish "That Girl from Malta," by Fergus W. Hume, which is one of the more noted of the summer's list of English novels of incident. A mysterious death on a Peninsular and Oriental steamer while lying in the harbor of Malta, en route for England, forms the central incident, and the unraveling of the mystery of poor Kentin's taking off keeps the reader's interest attent until the last chapter is reached.

"Judas Iscariot" is a paper-covered volume issued by the Minerva Publishing Co., 10 West 23d st., New York, which treats Judas as but a type of his fellow Jews. It is a terrible arraignment of this people, and claims to give tangible reasons why the anti-Semitic movement of the past five years in Central Europe should be taken up in this country. It is a curious production, and at least worth studying by all interested in the Jewish race and its history.

"Nerve Waste" is a hygienic and medical work for the general reader, containing a vast deal of information concerning nervous impairment in modern life, its causes, phases and remedies, with practical advice on the hygiene of the nervous constitution. Nervous impairment is one of the most common departures from health, and the popular ideas upon the subject, and especially upon methods of cure, is frequently vague and often erroneous. Written by a San Francisco doctor in large practice, as the fruit of his own experience, it is a valuable and timely handbook for the family. Published by "The Bancroft Company," San Francisco, Cal.

John B. Alden, New York, has done an excellent thing in republishing in a good and cheap form one of Bayard Taylor's most popular books of travel—his "Views Afoot," or, as the sub-title explains, "Europe Seen With Knapsack and Staff." It is a neat, cloth-bound volume, of 481 pages, at the ridiculously low price of 70 cents by mail. The volume was immensely popular when it first appeared, and it ought, in its new form, to attract equally great attention from the younger generation of readers.

LITERARY NOTES.

Max O'Rell has accepted a second invitation to lecture in the United States and Canada.

Winchester Cathedral will be described by Mrs. Van Rensselaer in the July *Century*, with fifteen illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

Miss Alice M. Longfellow, the daughter of the poet, is an enthusiastic photographer and has a large collection of views taken with her own camera.

Maxwell Gray's new novel, "The Reproach of Annesley," has already passed into a third edition within a little more than as many weeks after its first publication.

The short stories in *Scribner's* fiction number (July) are contributed by T. R. Sullivan, John R Spears, Harrison Robertson, Annie Eliot, George A. Hibbard, Margaret Crosby, and H. H. Boyesen.

In the July number of the *Popular Science Monthly* Prof. W. G. Sumner writes on "What Is Civil Liberty," the Rev. Dr. Henry Wace on "Christianity and Agnosticism," and Mr. Benjamin Reece on "Railway Maladjustments."

Gen. Viscount Wolseley, adjutant general of the English army, gives a vivid and picturesque description of a young soldier's life in the Crimean war in an article entitled, "In the Trenches Before Sebastopol," in the *Youths' Companion* for June 20.

For the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for June 26 Bret Harte has just written a novelette of strange fascination, "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh"—the story of an old misanthrope, "The Kingfisher of Dedlow," found floating dead in his skiff, and of his two fierce, beautiful children, living in their lonely home in the midst of their "three leagues of amphibious domain." T. de Thulstrup has illustrated the story.

The widow of Edward Payson Roe, the novelist, has erected a granite monument over his grave in the Cornwall village cemetery, near Newburg, on the Hudson.

Scribner's for July is a fiction number for midsummer reading, containing seven complete short stories, richly illustrated by skilful artists like Frederic Remington, Robert Blum and Chester Loomis. In this number will also appear the ninth installment of Mr. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," and the second article in the electric series on "The Telegraph of Today."

In the current number of *Harper's Young People* there is an explanation of the Tennis Drill, a new amusement for lawn parties.

Harper's Weekly of June 19 contains an article by C. S. Reinhart, in which, by word and pencil, he depicts the human side of the Paris Exposition.

HAIR A MARK OF IDENTITY.

Choose the Manner in Which It Will be Worn Early in Life.

It is a mistake to change the way or style of combing your hair.

"A man should decide early in life which way he is going to arrange his hair or beard, and keep it that way for life," said a Wayne hotel barber, yesterday afternoon. "It should be a mark to distinguish him by. If this rule were followed, more people would be recognized after catastrophes, etc.

"I have noticed that the men who plaster their hair on their heads become bald years before the men who wear pompadours or half pompadours, for the reason that the air does not get to the scalp, and the roots of the hair die for want of it. A scalp plastered with hair never perspires, and headaches follow.

"Any one subject to headaches can overcome them very easily if he will but rub his scalp gently and thoroughly every morning and evening, and as many times during the day as possible. It causes a circulation of the blood, creates a heat that draws perspiration and strengthens the roots. Get in the habit of doing this and you will surprise yourself. The flow of natural oil will be so plentiful that pomades of every kind can be dispensed with."—*Detroit News.*

Dog that Matched the Costume.

A new idea in spring fashions is that the dog must match the costume. The tramp who was interviewed by a cross dog and left a portion of his costume in the animal's mouth, says the dog matched his trousers all right, but he thinks fashion is going to extremes and he will not follow it hereafter—if he can avoid the dog.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AFTER THE RECEPTION.
Judge.

MISS EDGECOMBE—"Do you remember what Dolly Farren had on, Tom?"
HER BROTHER—"No; couldn't make out whether it was a love-affair with Jenson or just a flirtation with me."

LET US MAKE OUR OWN LINEN.

It Will Give Us a New Industry and Save Money.

Correspondence recently addressed to the department of Agriculture at Washington by parties at Belfast has awakened an interest in flax cultivation that may in time compel its serious consideration at the hands of our farmers. It seems that a new and hasty process has been discovered that does away with the tedious retting method and the labor of scutching, which involved a long period of preparation, and necessitated for woven cloth the lengthened purgation commonly called bleaching. The new system is thus described:

"The process is known as the Boyce process, and like very many revolutions in industrial matters, it is so simple that it can hardly be comprehended except by witnessing its operation. Instead of three to five weeks' time expended in retting, the whole operation of retting occupies but five minutes, and instead of discoloring the fibre its naturally white character is preserved, and the fibre produced is of much greater strength than that by the old process, is as fine, white, soft, and flexible as raw silk, and may be spun and woven upon silk machinery. There is no labor of scutching and no tearing or waste of fibre, while the tow is of greater value per pound than any in the market prepared by the old processes.

"The process has no destructive chemicals employed in it, no potash, soda, chloride of lime or acids in any form—nothing but a preparation of linseed oil in a condition to be taken up by the fibre, which, in the short space of five minutes, is thoroughly freed from the gum and woody matter, and left fine, soft, and white. This treatment gives the fibre an increased oily nature, with much greater strength than by the old processes, while the fibre is flexible and readily spun and woven on silk machinery.

These are the facts as far as at present developed, and newspaper argument is that the new discovery will open a royal road for flax cultivation and linen cloth manufacture at the hands of American enterprise. Experiments are now going forward; but it behooves us to withhold our sentiment and patriotic fervor until the many unknown quantities hidden away in the intricacies of the problem have been put upon the board and scientifically wrested with.

While the matter is under consideration the following items will prove of interest:

During 1887 there were imported into this country of flax, hemp and jute fibres and manufactures thereof, about $83,800,000, producing a revenue of $9,500,000. Of the principal amount about $3,860,000 would represent the value of twine, thread, yarn and raw flax and hemp, and the remaining $30,000,000 is divided in this way:

Linen cloth for all purposes	$13,500,000
Jute, manila, and other fibres	9,000,000
Burlaps	3,750,000
Bagging	1,000,000
Embroideries and laces	1,000,000
Miscellaneous	1,750,000
Total	$30,000,000

Comparison of Linen Mill Wages.

	United States. Week of 60 hours.	Great Britain. Week of 56 hours.
Sorters	$12 00	$4 86
Roughers	12 00	4 86
Machine workers	7 00	1 46
Spinners	7 00	1 82
Reelers	7 00	1 34
Roving	5 00	1 58
Carders	6 00	1 70
Spreaders	8 00	1 70
Drawers	5 00	1 95
Doffers	3 50	1 34

—*The Haberdasher.*

LAUGHING AT BEN FRANKLIN.

Mme. de Lamballe on the Philosopher and Silas Deane.

The American ambassadors, Benjamin Franklin and Silas Dean, were received by King Louis XVI. of France and his queen 111 years ago March 22 last. On the following day the Russian Count Tschernscheff found on the top step of the entrance to the royal palace in Versailles a letter addressed to M. de Sartines and signed by Mme. de Lamballe. Tschernscheff took the letter home with him, read it, and sent a copy of it to his sovereign, Katherine II. of Russia. The last number of the *Revue Nouvelle* contains the letter. Mme. de Lamballe wrote on this:

"This morning I was at the queen's levee, which, on account of the presence of the American ambassadors, was frightfully long. I have such a headache that I would not write did I not know how anxious you are to know how we liked the gentlemen from America. Well, so, so, la, la. You have the Countess Jule and me to thank for even this much. It cost us no little trouble to get the queen into the mood to hear them. Unfortunately Mme. Bertin had been with her, and you know how unfavorable to the interests of the modistes the war with England is. Mme. Bertin had poked so much fun at the American ambassadors that, when they entered, she could hardly preserve her dignity and a straight face, and I do not wonder much at it. They were, in fact, wretchedly dressed. There was nothing distinguished about them. We described to the queen in vain the simplicity of the costumes of these people and their prejudices against all forms. 'Say what you will,' answered the queen, 'they do look somewhat like canaille.' We laughed at this and she regained her good humor, which she had lost on account of these barbarians. But I beg of you spare our decorum and send us your clown when they come again, so that we may not break down entirely. The Countess Jule and I promise you to do our best to cure the queen of her prejudice."

After copying Mme. de Lamballe's letter Tschernscheff returned it anonymously to M. de Sartines, who was so provoked by its loss and by the mysteriousness of its reappearance that he offered the police a reward of 10,000 francs for the discovery of the finder. His curiosity was never satisfied. Tschernscheff's sovereign was so pleased with his cleverness in handling the letter that she sent him her picture and a $2,000 snuff box. Mme. de Lamballe's letter to him she intimated that Marie Antoinette seemed to be doing a great deal of laughing, and that "she laughed best who laughed last."

Beacons Along the Wayside.

When one who is bewildered discovers a beacon ahead, difficulties seem to vanish and if we except intervening roots and brambles, the haven is soon attained.

So much for what will presently be our simile.

When one, who is ill sees the good results of a means of cure, in cases far more desperate than his own, convalescence seems possible where it not for doubts and fears. Nevertheless Compound Oxygen is still a refuge for the sufferer. Here are a few encouraging beacons along the wayside:

ATLANTA, GA., March 22, 1888.
"I still recommend it to everybody. It saved my wife's life and cured my boy of catarrh."
WALTER T. FORBES.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 13, 1888.
"I have reason to believe that I have been benefited by this treatment, and commend it to those whose nervous systems need to be invigorated."
DR. JOHN L. GIRARDEAU.

WILLISTON, S. C., March 20, 1888.
"I am pleased to report a continued improvement both in myself and wife. May you live long to bless suffering humanity with your Compound Oxygen treatment."
REV. W. W. GRAHAM.

GASTONIA, GASTON CO., N. C., May 25, 1888.
"I speak to you the real sentiment of my heart when I state that I sincerely believe that had it not been for the Compound Oxygen Treatment, I would have been in my grave before this time."
W. D. HANNA.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

HOW TO READ PALMS.

THE STORY OF A FORTUNE-TELLER.

Tricks of the Queer Trade—It Is Not So Mysterious as It Looks—What Men and Women Like to Be Told.

CANDIDLY, there is nothing in this world so easy as fortune telling when you know how to do it!" It was a woman who spoke, and she knew whereof she spoke. For years she had gathered rich rewards from patrons in the best ranks of society, and she has not yet discontinued adding to her income in the same way. But she laughingly, though half seriously, told me some of the secrets of her trade.

"Do you know," she continued, "that the most popular form of this ancient superstition just now is 'palm-reading?' I have derived a wonderful amount of amusement, a good deal of money and a great insight into human nature by the practice of this mysterious art.

"Everybody likes to have their fortunes told. Scores of so-called 'mediums' and 'clairvoyants' reap an enormous harvest of gold from the credulity of people who ought to know better. Yet there is a great charm about having your hand read, as I am well aware, for I have read hundreds. There is a science of palmistry, and apart from that there is also the gift of palmistry.

"Of the first I know very little; the second I think I possess in some slight degree. What it is I cannot explain. I only know that I can tell the character, disposition and general habit of life by the hand.

"The trouble about the whole thing is this: It is almost impossible to be honest, especially when one is only doing it to amuse people, and not to earn a living. It is very hard to read the hands of persons whom you know or are liable to meet again. You cannot tell them the truth without offense. Not that most people have any trait that they wish particularly to hide, but human nature is so queer. Almost any one would rather be accused of some terrible fault of which they have not the slightest trace than to be told of a slight foible which they really do possess.

"Of course, every one always says: 'Now, tell me the exact truth. Don't gloss anything over; I shan't be angry.' But, then, they will be, so you cannot tell them the 'exact truth,' I will give a few points which I have always found invaluable.

"I do not mean points in the art of reading the hand correctly. That is a science in itself, and unless one has it naturally, no amount of coaching will help them. But any one who has some natural shrewdness, and is a good guesser, can master enough of the mystic art to make it a very amusing pastime. Look at your own hand first. See what a peculiar network of wrinkles cross and recross your palm. Observe the hands of your friends, study the different shapes and notice if they accord with the characters of their owners. You will find it a very fascinating study, and you will soon be able to distinguish the stubborn hand, the executive hand, the artistic hand, as soon as you see them. Then fortify yourself with a large stock of assurance, and remember the old saying, 'every one is a fool, more or less,' and you have your capital.

"You must not flatter people too much. The majority will not see through it, but the intelligent minority will, and that intelligent minority is just what you want to conquer. Except in a very few instances, never tell a person his real faults. He never believes one, and he does not like it. Tell him just the opposite. But there are a few weaknesses of which people like to be told.

"Pride, stubbornness, a hot temper, prodigality, jealousy and a too-sensitive nature. These are the infirmities of which people are proud. But you must regulate your faults by the market.

"Never forget to tell a weak-minded, easily led person that he is stubborn. He will be delighted.

"Invariably tell a pretty young girl that she is a flirt. She will blush and bridle and deny it, but she is enraptured.

"Always tell any man that he is fond of the ladies, hint delicately that he is a bit of a gay Lothario. If he is a young man he will be elated; if he is an old man he will have a weakness for you from that that day.

"I have given a few general rules which must be followed. I will now go into particulars. An illustration is better than a hundred rules, so I'll tell you how to do it.

"I take my victim into a quiet corner and look at his left hand. I look at it a long time without speaking. Then I let the indifferent look on my face change to one of startled incredulity or anxious doubt, and look suddenly into my subject's eyes with a searching glance. He begins to get interested. Let us suppose I have for my victim a young man of ordinary ability and average good looks. By the shape of his hand I can tell whether he is by nature executive or inventive.

"By his voice and manner I can form a pretty good guess as to his social position. Being a woman, I can tell the instant I take his hand whether he is accustomed to ladies' society or not.

"Now I have nothing to do but make a few vague guesses as to his life, and the thing is done. It always tells him he is ambitious, all young Americans are, or if they are not they think themselves so. I invariably tell him that he will make money. I say that his early life seems a bit unsettled; he had some doubt as to choice of a profession. He will go back mentally to the time when he wanted to run away to sea, and he'll say, 'Well, that's queer. I did want to go into the navy when I was young.' I tell him he is very proud, very obstinate when roused, very fond of his friends and that he would make a good soldier. Say that he is unlucky, but that he will succeed through the force of his ability; that he has many traits the existence of which his friends do not suspect. Hint darkly at mysterious troubles and jealous rivals. Chaff him a little about his love affairs, and I have worked the miracle. He will go forth and say, 'Well, of course I don't believe in such things, but she really told me some remarkable truths.'

"I am always careful to estimate my man first. But one class is as easy to cajole as another. The shrewd, pushing young business man is no sharper to see his own faults than the languid young society swell. This seems so simple that it sounds absurd. Try it! You will be amazed at the results. You will be astonished at the credulity of intelligent men and women—at the wonder with which they regard the most self-evident fact when it comes from the lips of a fortune teller. I have said the most absurdly commonplace things to people, and they have gazed at me in awe and amazement. The most ridiculous statements will be received in silent reverence.

"Putting out of the question altogether the great truth which undoubtedly underlies the science of palmistry, it is possible to become a very successful palmist with the help of nothing but a little ingenuity and observation."—*Charity Breen in N. Y. Star.*

The Bamboo Tree.

The bamboo tree does not blossom until it attains its 30th year, when it produces seed profusely and then dies. It is said that a famine was prevented in India in 1812 by the sudden flowering of the bamboo trees, where 50,000 people resorted to the jungles to gather the seed for food.

FROU-FROU.

A light step glances through the halls,
A silken rustle lightly falls,
The soft air through,
Ah, sweet Frou-Frou!

Swifter than flying wind she rides;
Her gallant lover woe betides,
So Daphne flew,
Ah, wild Frou-Frou.

She laughs at Love. Love's self is she.
All hearts she wins. Her heart is free,
Beware, Frou-Frou,
Lest Love slay you!

Nor wedded troth, nor motherhood,
Her spirit holds in serious mood;
Still, still, Frou-Frou,
Though fates pursue.

Frou-Frou is love. Ah! Why unknown?
She fills all hearts. Her heart alone
Empty abides
Its longing hides.

Entrancing charms, alas! efface
The subtle signs of inward grace,
In death we rue
Misprized Frou-Frou.

—*Washington Post.*

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

When Talking Do Not Quote from Shakespeare or the Bible.

One musn't monkey with Shakespeare or the Bible in the matter of quotations. Shakespearean scholars start up in the most unexpected places, and the Bible concordance will enable even the feebliest antagonist to set one's errors at defiance. It's a bit dangerous to profess an intimate knowledge with Barns, when one has it not, or Thomas Moore, for it's astonishing how many people are familiar with these good old bards; but Pope and Campbell are perfectly safe subjects for conversational enterprise. One must be sure not to attribute biblical quotations to Pope or vice versa, but if one isn't sure of either, 'tother may safely be used. When it comes to American authors Longfellow is the only one to be feared. Almost any one will discover an error if one is made in quoting Longfellow. Whittier, too, has been studied popularly, but Lowell, as good as any of them, is practically unknown outside of circles literary. It is odd, but a fact, nevertheless, that the delightful tales of Washington Irving are almost unread these days. One might suppose that Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle would keep Irving's writings alive, but it doesn't. If a lady wishes to expedite conversation let her ask some gentleman, "What is a trust?" There is probably not a man alive who can't tell her all about "trusts," and if she'll ask something like this, "What is the income of the Standard oil magnates?" she will be surprised at the readiness with which the gentlemen will talk of "millions a year," and all that millions a year entail. There are other suggestions that might be made in this connection, but they will be placed in the compositor's refrigerator, where they will keep for a while.—*Detroit News.*

A ROYAL STAGE PROMPTER.

Queen Victoria Helps Ellen Terry With "The Quality of Mercy."

A delicious story, for the accuracy of which we can vouch (writes one of our correspondents) is "going around," anent Mr. Irving's and Miss Ellen Terry's visit to Sandringham. It appears that all was going beautifully with the "Merchant of Venice"—Her Majesty seated in front, stick in hand and all attention—until Miss Terry's time came as Portia to deliver her great speech about "Mercy." We all know how she does it, advancing toward the Jew and making a marked and peculiar pause before delivering her oration. The kind Queen, who was all attention, and had probably been carefully instructed in her own youth by the Duchess of Kent or her good governess in Shakespeare's "tid bits"—was eagerly following the gifted actress, but quite mistook the pause for some sudden failure of memory. Fancy Ellen being overawed by Her Majesty into forgetting her part! So the Queen began prompting her quite low, "the quality of mercy is not strained," but Miss Terry did not take the cue, and Her Majesty then repeated rather more loudly and encouragingly, "The quality of mercy is not strained." This was almost too much for Miss Terry, but with a violent effort to suppress her twinkling merriment she controlled herself and gracefully accepted her cue from our gracious sovereign. Good Queen Bess, as we used to shout at the preachers and correct them openly in theology when they preached before her, but this is probably the first time that an actress has ever been honored by having a Queen and Empress as stage prompter.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FOOTGEAR OF NATIONS.

In the ninth and tenth centuries, the common form of shoe in Europe was the wooden shoe.

The Egyptians had shoes or sandals made ordinarily of leather, but sometimes of palm leaves or papyrus.

Chinese persons of rank wear boots with thick soles and legs of fine cloth or silk that reach half way up to the knee.

The Japanese, in their houses, wear light shoes or slippers, with woven soles without heels, or else go in their stocking feet.

Wooden shoes, or sabots, are worn now among the peasants in many countries in Europe. Their advantage is in their cheapness and durability.

Among the Southern Indians, where no protection is needed from the cold, a shoe is made consisting simply of a sole of thick hide bound on the feet by thongs.

There are a variety of boots and shoes used in China. The common shoe is made of thick, heavy felt, with a still thicker sole made of woven straw or layers of felt.

In the sixteenth century boots were generally worn in England and France, and the boots of the cavaliers were made with enormously wide tops, that were rolled or folded over.

—Inventors who desire to obtain sound and reliable patents, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

A Novel Sanitary Detective.

Sometimes even a very slight knowledge of natural history is of great practical use. As an illustration we give the following, related by a naturalist:

A gentleman, making a call at the house of a friend, was astonished to find the rooms and passages in confusion; and, on inquiring the cause, was answered:

"Oh, we are very much annoyed here; a rat has come to finish his existence under the floor of our large drawing-room. We do not know the exact place; but we can not endure the stench any longer, so we have removed the furniture, rolled up the carpets, and called in the carpenters, who are just beginning to take up the floor."

"Now, don't be too hasty," said the visitor; "you need not pull up more than one board. I will show you what I mean presently; and meanwhile, shut down the drawing-room windows, and close the door."

He then stepped down into the garden, walked around to the horse-stables, and after a few minutes' absence came back to the drawing-room with both hands tightly clasped. Placing himself in the center of the drawing-room, he opened his hands, and out flew two large blue-bottle flies, and buzzed around the room for a second or two. But presently one of them alighted on a certain plank of the floor, and was almost immediately followed by the other. "Now, then," said the visitor, "take up that board, and I'll engage that the dead rat will be found beneath it." The carpenters applied their tools, raised the board, and at once found the cause of the unpleasant smell.—*The Sanitarian.*

—BERCHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

A Case for Sympathy.

Mudge—Well, did you pop the question to Miss Flyppe last night.

Yabsley—Yes.

Mudge—And she refused you? Old boy, you have my sympathy.

Yabsley—You needn't jump at conclusions so quick, Mudge. She accepted me.

Mudge—Then, you both have my sympathy.—*Terre Haute Express.*

For Cure of SPRAINS & STRAINS use St. Jacobs Oil
Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE
THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE RED NECKTIE.

REV. D. TRUEMAN, CHAPLAIN FIRST W. VA. CAV.

[Air: Bonnie Blue Flag.]

WITH sparkling wine your glasses fill
And pledge the gallant Third,
Where foe met foe, with stubborn will,
Our conquering charge was heard;
Then loud above the conflict's roar
Pealed forth our battle-cry—
And rebels fell, or fled before
The dreaded red necktie!

CHORUS—Huzza! Huzza!
For the gallant Third, huzza!
Our battlecry was "Custer's sword;"
Our badge—The Red Necktie!

Our flag is torn and bullet-rent,
Yet dear are its silken shreds,
For every storm it stood hath spent
Its fury on our heads.
Ah! yes, through storms of lead and shell
That flag was borne on high
Where many a noble hero fell
That wore the red necktie!

Our record's made—the victory's won,
And soon the world will know
The Third ne'er lost a flag nor gun,
Or quailed before the foe.
In battles oft, by night and day,
Each man was ever nigh,
For they are willing, brave and gay,
That wear the red necktie!

If years of toil hath slightly marred
The soldier's outward form;
If weather-beaten, bronzed and scarred,
Our hearts are true and warm.
'Twas loyalty" gave us for the fight
This badge of crimson dye,
And none will dare dispute our right
To wear the red necktie!

The war is o'er—huzza! my boys,
We cease to fight and roam,
And haste to share life's purest joys
With loved ones safe at home.
Thank God for peace throughout the land,
And comrades, now good-bye—
But ere we take the parting hand
Three cheers for the Red Necktie!

[Mrs. Custer accompanied her husband through one of his campaigns, and at her suggestion, the crimson badge was, by special order, adopted by the Third Division.]

DID NOT RECOGNIZE HIM.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—For several years I have been a constant reader of THE BLADE and I always read the CAMP FIRE. I love to read the letters from the old comrades, and especially do I admire the letters from the sons and daughters of old soldiers. I belonged to an Ohio regiment and came near leaving my bones on Virginia soil. When, early in the fall of 1864 I was almost dead at Ward, one of my comrades telegraphed to my father in Ohio that if he expected to see me alive he must come at once. In less than an hour after receiving the dispatch he was aboard the cars en route for Fort Ward, via Baltimore and Washington. He was five days on the road, and when he did get to where I was he did not know me, but passed me by. I was too weak to speak to him as he passed along, but soon some of the boys brought him back and told him who I was. About all he found was a blue uniform containing a little pile of skin and bones, stretched upon a blanket with boots and knapsack for a pillow. I was reduced in flesh from 175 pounds to less than 75. Comrades, I will never forget my father's words, or the look of astonishment upon his face as he stood there and beheld what remained of the boy he loved. With his tender heart all bleeding, trembling in every limb, and big, hot tears streaming down his cheeks, he said:

"Oh, great God! can it be possible that this is my son?"

Well, in a week or so I was some better and father started with me for Washington. On arrival there he took me to the soldiers' home for one or three days' rest. Then he took me to Baltimore, where we stopped again for a couple of days. From there to Pittsburg and thence to Cleveland. I was then only 54 miles from home. In a few hours more I was at home in my mother's best spare bed. After a couple of months at home among friends I had regained my flesh but not my health entirely. I was honorably discharged at the expiration of my term of enlistment, but do not get a pension; never have asked it, yet, though I know I am well deserving of one.

As abundantly able as Uncle Sam is, I think no injustice would be done if all the old soldiers were pensioned. I am a resident of the so-called great Neosho valley, and letters addressed to me by old soldiers, whether members of my regiment or not, will be kindly received and promptly answered.—F. E. HAWKINS, Americus, Kas.—[We have already received several copies of the songs mentioned.—ED.]

A STRAWBERRY FEAST.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the spring of 1865 Gen. J. B. Moore was in command of the 1st Brig. 3d Div. 16th corps, with headquarters at Ware's plantation, three miles north of Montgomery, Ala. While there the general formed an acquaintance with a citizen named Green, who lived about five miles from our camp, and who passed by every morning, going to the city with vegetables, strawberries, etc. The general and his adjutant went in the habit of going out to Green's and staying until a late hour, and having a good time. The general's orderly, Frank Hartshock, and myself, orderly to the adjutant, went along for guard, and to take care of the horses. On May 4 the general and adjutant were invited out again to eat strawberries. Frank and I were left outside, as usual. We bore it patiently for a long time, but it was growing late, and as yet we had seen no pleasure—or strawberries. So I ventured up to a shanty and asked an old colored lady if she could direct me to the strawberry patch. She said it would be difficult to find, it being so dark. I then asked her if they had any berries picked. She said no; only what "Massa" Green had in the wagon to take to the city. As it had been three years since we had had our fill of strawberries, the temptation was too great. We soon scented the wagon, and Frank had one of those old fashioned pocket handkerchiefs about a yard square, in which we tied nearly a peck of the fruit. Finally, the officers came out, feeling first rate and ready to return to camp, but making no apology or asking how we felt after standing out three or four hours waiting for them. However, we assisted them on their horses, and we were not long in traveling to camp. It was then about midnight. Now, strawberries call for cream, and as the old general possessed a cow that had been confiscated a short time before by some of the boys and given him, we concluded that to

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the real name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The 42d Ohio V. I.

E. B., Walbridge, O.: The 42d O. V. I. was organized by Col. J. A. Garfield, at Camp Chase, Ohio, his commission dating from September 5, 1861. The regiment left for the Big Sandy Valley, in Kentucky, on December 15, 1861. Co. A, Capt. Frederick A. Williams, was recruited in Portage county. Co. B, Capt. William H. Williams, came almost entirely from Medina county. Co. C, was organized on September 10, 1861, by Capt. T. C. Bushnell, at Ashland. Co. D, Capt. Daniel T. Riggs, was made up mainly of volunteers from Noble county. The first organization of its members was at Summerfield, in that county, whence they were transferred to camp at Mount Ephraim early in September, 1861, and thence to Camp Chase. Co. E was recruited mainly in Medina county. The men were enrolled by Capts. H. Howe and Melvin L. Benham, though the enlistments were largely due to the labor and influence of Col. Sheldon. Co. F. was made up almost entirely of men from Portage county, and was recruited by Capt. H. H. Willard, of Ravenna, O. C. Risdon, of Shalersville, and S. H. Cole, of Franklin Mills. Co. G was the outgrowth of an independent militia company organized in Newburg during the summer of 1861, under the name of Ellsworth Cadets, numbering some 40 or 50 young, active men. On September 11th a ball was given at the Union House, under the management of these amateur cadets. The ball room was filled with a merry company when, in the midst of the festivity, Col. Garfield, who was then making speeches throughout Northern Ohio, and enrolling recruits for the 42d, appeared on the scene. He was welcomed by Capt. Jewett, the commander of the company, and being well known to the people of Newburg, was urged to address the assembly. Mounting a table on which the musicians were seated, Col. Garfield began with the thrilling passage from Childe Harold:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry."

The effect was electrical. After speaking twenty minutes Garfield produced a blank enlistment roll, which was signed then and there by Capt. Jewett and some sixty others. At Camp Chase the company was filled to the maximum by a squad of Medina county men. Co. H was organized in Ashland, largely through the efforts of Capt. S. M. Barber, the superintendent of public schools. They and other officerships in Ashland county contributing liberally to its membership. Co. I was recruited in Miami, Shelby, Clarke, and Logan counties, representing a part of the latter county somewhat from the homes of the other companies of the regiment, which, as has been seen, were mainly from the northeastern part of the state. David Scott was the first captain. He resigned Feb. 28, 1862, and was succeeded in turn by E. B. Lynch, Foster Gardner, and David A. Prince. Co. K was recruited principally in Logan county, by Capt. Andrew Gariner, jr., although it contained volunteers from various other parts of the state. Thomas L. Hutchins, of Bellefontaine, also assisted in recruiting the company. Some thirteen of its original members came from Medina county, having been recruited by Porter H. Fiskett. Captain Gardner resigned January 28, 1863, and was succeeded by Lieut. Thomas L. Hutchins, who continued in command of the company until its final muster out. At the breaking up of the regiment in Arkansas in November, 1864, Company K sent 29 of its men, who had enlisted in 1862, to join the 96th O. V. I.

The Northmen, Norsemen or Normans.

A. C., Kansas City, Kan.: The Normans played a very important part in a portion of Europe during the earlier part of the Middle Ages. They were indiscriminately called Normans, Norsemen or Northmen, and originally came from Scandinavia, which included in its uncertain boundaries the countries of Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In their earlier incursions in England they were called Danes. Like vast multitudes of the Northern nations, whose habits were in conflict with modern ideas of industry, they were impelled by the sterility of their own country, by a love of adventure, and a fondness for war, to seek a home more inviting than that which nature had provided for them. They were fierce, warlike, barbarous and energetic, and they boldly launched their frail fleets upon the stormy Northern seas, and spread their sails in quest of adventure, landing at various points of the European coasts, and marking their debarkations and embarkations with traces of blood and desolation. Their object was plunder, and they unscrupulously pursued it. Knowing that their outrages could not be retaliated, as they had neither accessible home nor country.

In the early part of the ninth century we first read of their incursions, but they soon rendered themselves the terror of the entire coast. The seas became covered with their boats, with which they ravaged the margins of England, Germany, Italy, France, Friesland and Flanders. Under the feeble reigns of Charles the Bold and Charles the Fat, they ascended the rivers to the very heart of France, and plundered Paris itself, from which they only retired by the payment of a large sum of money. This success encouraged them, at a future time, to repeat this invasion, which became so formidable that in the year 912 Charles the Simple was constrained to cede to their chief the portion of his kingdom to which they afterward gave the name of Normandy, and also to bestow his daughter, in marriage, on Rollo, their chief. Rollo became a convert to Christianity, and being baptized under the name of Robert, was the first duke of Normandy, and, as such, paid allegiance to the king of France. The adherents of Rollo followed the example of their leader, became Christianized, and made a permanent settlement in the new territory he had acquired.

England, like France, was repeatedly desolated by the barbarous incursions of the Normans, or Danes, as they were called in the ninth century, and it was not until the beginning of the tenth century that King Alfred the Great finally delivered the country from the invaders, after they had subdued the whole land, except the "isle of the nobles," into which the monarch, with a few faithful companions, had retreated. This relief was, however, only temporary, for under Alfred's successors the barbarians returned in greater force than ever, and eventually ruled over the whole of England (in the persons of Canute, Harold and Hardicanute) for about 25 years, when the Saxon line was restored, and was continued until the conquest by William, duke of Normandy, in the year 1066.

The Normans established other kingdoms, in Naples and in Sicily, but their numerous expeditions had the effect of civilizing the expeditionists, and of so diminishing the numbers at home that they gradually ceased to be formidable, and eventually became converts to Christianity, and habituated to habits of civilized life.

The "Monroe Doctrine."

F. L. F., Garden City, Kan.: The "Monroe Doctrine" is so called because President Monroe, in his annual message of 1823 to Congress, said:

"We owe it to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and the allied powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and just principles acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

Monroe also said in the same message: "The American continents should no longer be subjects for any new European colonial settlement."

The reason Monroe made these statements was the formation in Europe, a few years previously, of what was called the "holy alliance"—an alliance of Russia, France, Austria and Prussia to maintain the monarchial system of government in Europe. It was supposed they desired to extend their operations to the New World, especially to the colonies of Spain, which had achieved their independence. England sided with the United States regarding these, and the allies did not carry out the project of aiding Spain to subject them. As popularly understood, the Monroe doctrine meant a guarantee of freedom from European interference to all independent countries of North and South America. It did not declare that the United States would take up arms against European interference. It merely declared that the United States would regard as unfriendly any such act of European intermeddling with political affairs on this continent, leaving it to be determined by the circumstances of any case, should one arise, how far the United States would go in opposing it. 2.—The Panama canal is on the soil of the Republic of Colombia. If the French goverment should declare its purpose to lay claim to the canal, or to send troops to Panama to protect "French interests" on the isthmus, it would possibly be a violation of the doctrine. Whether the United States would resent it in any way would depend entirely on the administration. You must understand that the Monroe doctrine has not the force of international law. It is simply a warning, a threat to European powers.

Wild Theories of the Great Pyramid.

J. G., Finley, Tenn.: Thanks for your letter; but you do not seem to be aware that the conclusions of the book you mention, and of several others on the same subject—claiming the Great Pyramid to be an astronomical, mathematical and religious structure, are discredited entirely by the scientific world. We have read the book you refer to, and several others; and had we believed the theory to be at all probable, we should have mentioned it in our account of the Great Pyramid. There is no reason for assuming that this had any different design than the hundreds of other pyramids of the Nile Valley—a tomb and a monument for a dead king. The so-called "Pyramid inch" is the creation of some modern's brain, and there is no proof that such a measure ever existed. The Great Pyramid is not the oldest work of man. It is not the only structure built so as to exactly face the cardinal points. It is not the center of the land of the globe; London is nearer that center. It is not in the exact middle of the land of Egypt. It was built at least 1,000 years before Isaiah was born; is it not then absurd to say that he prophesied the building of a structure already hoary with age? If you will read Isaiah xix, 18-22, inclusive, you will readily see that this prophecy has not yet been fulfilled as regards the "five cities," verse 18; the Lord being known in Egypt, v. 21; the smiting and return, v. 22. It is plain that the "alter" of v. 19 is part of the same series of events, and hence is not yet erected. At any rate, it is foolish to suppose that Isaiah would declare a thing "shall be" which was already in existence. The "history of the human race" in the passages and rooms of the pyramid is already proved false, for the day of judgment should have come about 1881, according to it. If this elaborate system fails in this important particular, why assume it true in others? The astronomical deductions are not worth consideration. As we said before, no scientific man of any reputation believes any of these wild theories.

The Siamese Twins—Clara Louise Kellogg.

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: 1.—The Siamese twins were males, named Chang and Eng, born of Chinese parents in Siam in 1811. Their bodies were united by a band of flesh connecting the lower ends of their breast-bones. They were bought of their mother in Siam in 1829 and brought to the United States. The connecting band was long enough to allow them to stand nearly side by side. It was nearly 4 inches long, 3 inches broad, and 1½ inches thick. It was covered with skin. When touched in the center, both felt it; if touched either side, only that side was affected. They realized a competence by being exhibited for years, settled in the South, and married. Ruined by the rebellion, they made a tour of Europe after the war, exhibiting themselves. They died in 1874, one surviving the other only a few hours or two only. They left each several children. The post mortem examination showed that their livers and hepatic vessels communicated through the band, and that any attempt to separate them would likely have been fatal.

2.—Clara Louise Kellogg was born at Sumterville, S. C., in 1842, of a Connecticut father. She made her depot in New York as "Gilda" in Rigoletto, in 1861, and rose steadily in the estimation of the musical world till she stood at the head of American opera singers. Her voice is a pure, bright and flexible soprano. A few years ago she married Herr Strakosch, the impresario.

The Bastile—The Tuileries.

J. M. C., Whitehead, N. C.: 1.—The word "Bastile" is pronounced "Bas-teel," accent on the first. It was applied to an old fortification in Paris, built in the 14th century, and long used as a prison for state offenders by the French kings. It was taken and torn down by the populace of Paris, during the French Revolution, in 1789. It has been described in full in the BLADE. The word "Tuileries" is pronounced twee-ler-eez, accent in the first. The palace and gardens of the Tuileries were situated in the middle of Paris, on the right bank of the Seine. In 1342 a pleasure-house called the Hotel des Tuileries was erected by a rich French noble. It was so called because it was in a locality where there were several tileworks, which, in French, are tuileries. Catherine de Medici bought it, and built the main part of the edifice of the palace. This was greatly enlarged by different monarchs, and by Louis Napoleon. Louis XIII was the first monarch who resided there. It was the imperial residence of Napoleon III at the time of the fall of the Third Empire, and was burned by the Commune in 1871. 3.—John Esten Cooke was born at Winchester, Va., in 1830; lawyer and novelist; died in 1886. Miss Fisher has not become famous enough to get into the biographical dictionaries and similar works. We do do not know where you could obtain the addresses unless your Congressman can help you.

Timour the Tartar, or "Tamerlane."

L. H., Traverse City, Mich.: The name "Tamerlane," by which Timour, the Tartar conqueror, is often called is a corruption of "Timour Lenk," meaning "Timour the lame," in allusion to his lameness. He was born at Lobza village near Samarcand, in 1336, and died in 1405. He claimed to be a descendant of Genghis Khan, and after he became Khan, aspired to the dominion of all the countries once ruled by Genghis. He conquered all of Khorassan, Persia, the country between the Tigris and Euphrates, and Georgia, and led his army almost to Moscow. In 1398 he marched across the Indus, and captured Delhi. He then turned against the Ottoman Empire, overran Syria, stormed Bagdad, leaving 90,000 slaughtered people in the streets, and finally defeated the sultan, Bajazet, at Angora, in 1402. His dominions on this side of Asia, from the Irtish and Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the Greek archipelago. He then started to invade China, but died on the way, 2.—The Eiffel tower was built in one of the attractions of the Paris exposition. It is the highest human structure in the world, and the view from its top is magnificent. The fees of visitors will probably pay its cost. It has been described in THE BLADE.

Foolish Newspaper Stories.

C. W. D., Summit Grove, Ind.: The newspaper stories that the earth is "a hollow sphere filled with a gaseous substance, called by us natural gas, and that it is only a thin crust between us and the terrific cataclysms resulting from the lighted gas coming in contact with that which is escaping," or that there is any danger whatever from drilling for natural gas or anything else, and absolutely false. The specific gravity of the earth has been determined, and this shows it to be practically solid. That disposes of the first story. Second, natural gas is not found in caverns or cavities, but stored in the pores of solid rock, which settles the idea that a "cave-in" can follow. The story that some one has discovered that "a mile and one-half or so beneath the Ohio and Indiana gas field the temperature of the earth is 3,500 degrees;" that an immense cavity exists, where the gas is stored; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rock floor of this cavern and thinning it, and that eventually the flames will reach the gas, and a terrific explosion will ensue," is an able-bodied lie, written by some conscienceless rascal. No such investigation ever was made, and the fact is the gas comes out of the ground at a temperature nearly down to the freezing point.

The Revision of the Bible.

J. R. D., Burlington, Colo.: The revision of the Old Testament is progressing, but is not completed. The Revised Version of the New Testament was published several years ago. You ask, "is the revision translated from the original Greek?" You must not imagine that there is in existence any original in the Greek which goes back to the apostolic age. The work of the revisers was to compare all the old Greek manuscripts in existence, to determine what the true text really is. There are no manuscripts of any portions of the New Testament now known which were written earlier than the fourth century. The variations between various manuscripts of the New Testament number not less than 120,000, small and great; and there are between 1,600 and 2,000 places where the true reading is in doubt. Hence the work of the revisers was not only to furnish a correct translation, but to decide, in their judgment, which reading, in any of these cases, is probably the true one. The King James translation, now usually used, was completed in 1611. The present revision has been in progress since 1870.

Largest Cities.

O. R., Westphalia, Kan.: 1. There is great difficulty in finding the population of cities in Asia and other portions of the globe, where no official census is taken. All that can be done is to estimate; and this is untrustworthy. For instance, in China, Pekin is estimated to contain 1,500,000; Siangtan, Singan-fu, and Tschantschan-fu, 1,000,000 each. These are merely estimates. The five largest cities in the world in which trustworthy censuses have been taken, are:

Cities.	Date of Census.	Population.
London	1881	3,832,141
Paris	1881	1,269,023
Berlin	1885	1,315,297
New York	1880	1,206,577
Vienna	1880	1,103,857

The five largest cities of the United States, by the census of 1880, were: New York (as above); Philadelphia, 847,170; Brooklyn, 566,689; Chicago, 503,185; Boston, 390,406.

The "Language of Stamps."

"Anxious" writes: "Will you kindly publish in your paper the language of stamps? Does a stamp on the left hand upper corner mean anything cruel?"

If "Anxious" were a postoffice stamping clerk he would willingly agree with us that the man or woman who puts a stamp anywhere but in the upper right hand corner of a letter is either an ignoramus or a silly fool. If we knew the so-called "language of stamps" we should not publish it, for if there be any such thing it is the invention of one idiot and proclaimed only by other idiots. To place a stamp anywhere else but in the right hand corner of a letter means additional trouble to postoffices, and no one of common sense would be guilty of placing it elsewhere. Only youths and giggling girls can express their emotions in ways which will not inconvenience the public service, and THE BLADE advises them to drop all "stamp flirtations." And if "Anxious" wants questions answered, he must send his real name, as per Rule 1 above.

The "Block System" on Railways.

F. V., Newark, N. J.: The "block system" of running railway trains may be briefly described thus: Every few miles along the road is a telegraph tower, with office and operator. These are "block" signal stations. No sooner has a train passed one than a red disc by day and a red light by night is displayed in the target over the track, to show that the train is on the section ahead of that tower. No train is allowed to pass the town so long as the red signal is displayed. As soon as the train reaches the next tower the red signal at the previous one changes to white, showing that the section is clear. By this simple contrivance of telegraphic communication from tower to tower along the entire line, every chance of telescoping of trains is done away with. We are unable to give the inventor's name. We do not think any book is published upon it. There is not enough about it to make a book, as it is so simple.

The United States of Colombia.

J. S., Debeque, Colo.: 1.—Cartagena is a fortified seaport of the United States of Colombia, on an island in the Caribbean Sea, joined to the mainland by artificial isthmuses. Population about 8,500. It has a very hot climate, and is subject to visitations of yellow fever and other epidemics. Musquitoes are very large and troublesome, and the *comejen*, a small insect, may destroy, in a single night, whole packages of silk, woolen or linen fabrics. 2.—The United States of Columbia has about 500,000 square miles, and 4,000,000 population. It is divided into nine states. The country is crossed by three ranges of the Andes, which spread out toward the north, hence it has a great variety of climate—the low portions being tropical, the high plateaus temperate. The products are wheat, corn, tobacco, coffee, plantains, cotton, cocoa, sugar, cedar, mahogany, cinchona bark, gold, silver, copper, iron and rock salt. Rafael Nunez is President.

Chief Justices of the United States.

Subscriber, Lucasville, O.: 1.—The law in Ohio is that no school director can participate in hiring a teacher who is a relative. The other sections read so, but it must be without collusion or bargain. The law is a wise one. 2.—The Chief Justices of the United States Supreme court from the establishment of that tribunal to the present time, is as follows:

Chief Justices.	State from which Appointed.	Term of Service.
John Jay	New York	1789—1795
John Rutledge*	South Carolina	1795—1795
Oliver Ellsworth	Connecticut	1796—1800
John Marshall	Virginia	1801—1835
Roger B. Taney	Maryland	1836—1864
Salmon P. Chase	Ohio	1864—1873
Morrison R. Waite	Ohio	1874—1888
Melville W. Fuller	Illinois	1888— .....

*Presided at one term of court; rejected by Senate.

Water Power Stronger at Night.

F. A. C., Gorin, Mo., writes: "Water power is stronger at night from the fact that the earth and sun act in the same direction, increasing the gravity or weight of the water. The same head of water will exert more power at midnight at new moon than at any other time, and less at mid-day at new moon. I would say the difference is too small for our Missouri friend to detect it by his watch and turbine wheel. The head of water that would grind 1,000 bushels in daytime would probably grind 1,001 at night. If your water is colder at night it would also do more, because it will weigh more per gallon."

Thanks. The theory is plausible, certainly. Now, can some one prove to us that water power is actually stronger at night? That is the necessary thing.

Territorial Admissions.

C. M. P., Washington City: There is no legal requirement as to the number of inhabitants a territory must have to become a state. Ordinarily it has the number required by the Representative. The process of becoming a state usually is, that a convention is called which frames a state constitution, and a petition to Congress for admission. The law submitting it as a state declares what steps shall be taken before it reaches statehood. There is no distinct plan for this. 2.—The postal service began under the Confederation, and Benjamin Franklin was the first postmaster-general. When the constitution was adopted it was made one of the executive departments. Any postmaster will show you a list of rates of postage as now existing.

The Law of Dangerous Prescriptions.

J. N. A., Coal Creek, Tenn., wishes to know, if a doctor makes a mistake in a prescription, for instance writing 5 grains of morphia instead of one-fifth of a grain, and a druggist puts it up, knowing it is a dangerous or a fatal dose, which is liable—for the druggist or the doctor? Both are liable. It is the druggist's duty, if such a prescription is handed him to fill, to put off the customer on some pretext and communicate at once with the doctor, telling him of the mistake. If he does not do this, he is liable for criminal negligence. The doctor is also guilty; and in case of damage or death, an action would lie against each of them. The penalty is different in the various states. No case of this sort has ever been decided by the United States Supreme court.

San Francisco's Name.

J. E. B., San Francisco, Cal.: 1. A child born on February 29 in any year old on March 1 of the next year. 2.—The first settlement on the site of San Francisco was a Spanish Catholic mission, called after San Francisco d'Assisi. San Francisco de Asissi, often called the Mission Dolores, founded Oct. 9, 1776. In 1834 the missions of California were secularized and the country placed under the control of the civil powers. This led to the establishment of the village of Yerba Buena, near the present site of the city hall, in 1835. The town was known as Yerba Buena until Jan. 30, 1847, when the *ayuntamiento*, or town council, changed it to San Francisco.

"Mascot" and "Mascotte."

C. M. R., West Unity, O.: The definition of the word "mascot" was given in THE BUREAU of April 18. The masculine form is "mascot;" feminine "mascotte." In old Italian superstition the civil word "mascotte" for certain persons bring good luck to the families where they live or are employed. Audran's comic opera "La Mascotte," which has been so popular for a number of years past, turns on this superstition, and the opera brought the word into use in America. The heroine, Bettina, a servant, is a mascotte, and the opera turns on the efforts of different persons to secure her.

D. R. Locke's Story.

Our friends whose questions we have answered to the best of our ability are each and every one requested to return the favor by reading the announcement of "The Demagogue," on the 4th page of this issue; and then to send, *at once*, on a postal card, the names and addresses of ten or more persons to whom we can mail sample copies of the paper, with the view of having them subscribe, so as to receive the story. Please do not fail to do this.

Miscellaneous.

R. S., Belmore: We do not know. See rule above.

Subscriber, Point Pleasant, Mo.: We know of no means of removing superfluous hair that is not dangerous to use.

J. P., Metropolis, Ill.: The high price of coffee is due to two causes: first, a short crop; second, the coffee trust.

W. T. M., Endicott, W. Va.: We have handed your query to the editor of the Household.

C. R., Sandusky, Wis.: The Knights of Labor were founded in 1869 at Philadelphia. The national organization was set up in 1878.

C. M., Angola, Ind.: You will have to get some astronomer to give you the distance of the earth from Jupiter and Saturn at this time.

A. J. S., Little Crab, Tenn.: Hog cholera questions belong to the Farm, and we have handed yours to the editor of that department.

H. W. W., Mendon, Mich.: You have the name wrong. There is a long list of sulphates, sulphites, hyposulphites, and sulphurets or sulphides. Get the name correctly, and we will try to answer.

F. W. C., Scottdale, Pa.: A gold dollar of 1852 has a slight premium, but how much we cannot say. Probably it is worth \$1.20. 2.—The question, Why not use Dick Forester's son?" "Most certainly I am." "My dear fellow, fling that infernal prescription into the fire and sit down quietly and tell me what's the matter with you."

A Famous Secretary.

Secretary Jeremiah Rusk is greatly surprised at the notice he has attracted. He recently said to a friend: "I had supposed that in being relegated to the Agricultural department I would forever be buried from public gaze. On the contrary, I find the newspapers full of paragraphs regarding my movements. I am so snowed under by invitations to speak at agricultural fairs that my secretary is almost beside himself with the task of declining them. Really, if you wish to become famous, just take charge of the new department of Agriculture."

How a Lost Dog Was Recovered.

A physician who lost his pet dog put a little notice in the paper, headed "Warning!" which charitably described the animal as having "strayed" and added:

"It is of no value, not even to the owner: but, having been experimented upon for scientific purposes with many virulent poisons, a lick from its tongue—and it is very affectionate—would probably be fatal."

The dog came back the next day.—*New York Ledger.*

He Could Afford to Wait.

Policeman (3 a. m.)—Come, sir, you must move on. You've been standing here an hour.

Pompano (with dignity)—Know it; waitin' for carzh.

Policeman—No night cars on this line, sir.

Pompano (with increasing dignity)—Waitin' for day carzh; time'n nozzing to me.—*Life.*

He Passed Him.

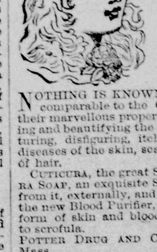
Sir Frederick Leighton went to the Royal Academy exhibition the other day, and a new attendant at the door, not knowing him, demanded his pass or ticket. "I have none," said Sir Frederick. "I am Sir F. Leighton, the president, you know." "Must show your pass sir," was the reply; I've been ordered to admit no one without a pass or ticket, except by special permission." "Oh, all right then," replied the artist. "I, as president, give you special permission to admit me!"

English Umbrellas.

The newest English umbrellas have knobs with broad, flat tops upon which designs are worked out in gold and silver and platinum.

Youthful Suicide.

A Vienna lad of 6 attempted suicide to escape a strapping.



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

REMARKABLE CASE.

For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 192 to 80 lbs. Was treated by my best physicians, only to grow worse. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.

JOHN RAY,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Jan. 6, 1889.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

The Famous Fight Off Cherbourg, In Which the Pirate was Sunk.

The Alabama returned to the North Atlantic in June, 1864, and dropped anchor under the guns of Fort Romet, off Cherbourg, a French port. The United States gunboat Kearsarge, Capt. Winslow, was lying at Flushing, Holland, where he was telegraphed by Mr. Dayton, the United States minister at Paris, stating that the Alabama was at Cherbourg. The Kearsarge at once proceeded to Cherbourg, taking the Alabama by surprise. Through the consular agent, a sort of challenge was received by Capt. Winslow from Semmes, the pirate saying he would like to measure the strength of his vessel with the Kearsarge; that if the latter remained outside the port he come out and fight her, and that he "would not detain her long."

Winslow cruised off Cherbourg for five days. On Sunday, June 19, at 10:30 a. m., the Alabama came out, accompanied by the French iron-clad Couronne, and the English yacht Deerhound, the latter having on board her owner, Mr. Lancaster, of the Royal Yacht club, and his family. The Couronne, after seeing that the combatants were three miles off shore, and hence outside of French waters, steamed back. Winslow had previously had an interview with the French admiral, assuring him if the fight took place it should be far enough off shore that the question of jurisdiction would not be raised. The Kearsarge was three miles off shore when she saw the Alabama coming, and to make certain that the latter should not be able to flee to French waters for protection, stood out to sea till she was seven miles off shore.

At 10:40 the Kearsarge came about and approached the Alabama. At three-quarters of a mile the Alabama opened fire with a starboard broadside. The Kearsarge made no reply, but came nearer; then opened her starboard battery, fighting six guns, leaving only one 32-pounder idle. The Alabama fought seven guns, working them with the greatest rapidity, sending shot and shell in a constant stream. Both vessels used their starboard batteries, maneuvering in circles about each other at from 500 to 1,000 yards distance.

Seven complete circles were made during the action, which lasted a little over an hour. Toward the close, when the Alabama would have made off, she was about five miles from shore; and had the action been on parallel lines instead of circles, she would have reached French waters before she was disabled.

The Alabama's firing was rapid and wild at first, while the Kearsarge's was more deliberate and more effective—her gunners having orders to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water-line, and clear her decks with the lighter ones. Capt. Winslow had endeavored, with a port helm, to close with the Alabama, but it was not until just before the close of the action that he was in a position to use grape; but this was avoided by the surrender of the Alabama. Nearly every shot from the Kearsarge told fearfully on the pirate vessel, and on the seventh circle the Alabama winded, setting fore-topsail and two jibs, with head in shore. Her speed was now retarded, and, by winding, her port broadside was presented to the Kearsarge, with only two guns bearing. A few more shots brought down her flag, though it was difficult to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but a white flag was displayed over her stern, and the Kearsarge stopped firing.

In two minutes the Alabama reopened fire with her two port guns. Winslow immediately replied, and the Kearsarge steamed ahead and laid across the pirate's bows, ready to rake her decks with grape. The white flag again was displayed, and the Kearsarge again reserved fire. Boats were then lowered, and a rebel officer came alongside, stating the Alabama had surrendered, and was fast sinking. In 20 minutes she went down, stern foremost.

Just before she made her final plunge, Semmes ordered his men to look out for themselves. Throwing his sword into the sea, Semmes swam to the yacht Deerhound, which rescued him and thirteen other officers. Every available boat of the Kearsarge was employed in saving the enemy's crew, the Deerhound and a French pilot-boat also joining in the work. In this way, 119 men were saved.

In this conflict, the chances were nearly evenly balanced. Over all, the Alabama was 220 feet, the Kearsarge 214; the Alabama's beam was 32 feet, the Kearsarge's 33; Alabama 17 feet deep, the Kearsarge 16; the horse-power of the Alabama's engine was 600, the Kearsarge's 400; tonnage of the Alabama, 1,150, of the Kearsarge, 1,031. The Alabama carried eight guns, likely rifle, 8-inch smooth-bore 78-pounder, and six 32-pounders. The Kearsarge had two 11-inch smooth-bore guns, one 30-pounder rifle, and four 32-pounders. In the battle the Kearsarge used five guns, the Alabama seven. The Kearsarge had 162 men and officers; the Alabama about 150.

The Alabama fired 370 or more shot and shell, but did not seriously damage the Kearsarge; some 13 or 14 took effect in the hull, and 16 or 17 in the masts and rigging. The Kearsarge fired 173 shots, of which one alone killed or wounded 18 men on the Alabama and disabled one gun. The Kearsarge had three men badly wounded, one of them—William Gowin, of Michigan—fatally, his leg being shattered at the knee by a fragment of shell. When he was brought to the surgeon, he smiled, though suffering severely, and said:

"It is all right and I'm satisfied, for we are whipping the Alabama. I'll willingly lose my leg to do it."

One of the crew of the Alabama, rescued by the Deerhound, in a conversation which was afterward published in a London periodical, said of the battle:

"We never had any chance. We had no gunners to compare with the Kearsarge's. Ours fired by rotation, and when they loaded a gun, brought it off blind. They never changed the elevation of their guns all through the fight, and the Kearsarge was working up to us all the while, taking advantage of every time she was hidden by smoke to work nearer; and then her gunners took aim for every shot."

"Don't you believe Semmes supposed he would whip the Kearsarge when he went out to fight her?"

"No; he was bullied into it. He took good care to leave all his valuables on shore, and had a life preserver on through the fight!"

WITHOUT THE TESTIMONIAL.

And He Deserved it Too—A Lovers' Quarrel.

They had a quarrel Sunday evening. He got mad and said he'd leave her. Then she got vexed and told him he could do as he pleased. He left. The next evening he came around again. He asked to see her alone. She readily complied. She was all of a tremor. Her heart went out to him in a gush of sympathetic love. She stood ready to throw both arms about his neck and cry for joy. There was much color in his face and his voice was husky. He said: "I have been with you for six months, Matilda, and tried in all that time to do what was right."

He paused for an instant to recover his voice, which was faltering rapidly, while her trembling increased.

"I know that I have got considerable temper, and that I do not control it as I ought. But I have tried to be faithful to you—tried to do everything I thought would tend to make you happy. And, feeling this, I have called to-night to see if you wouldn't be kind enough to give me a sort of testimonial to this effect, so that I could show it to any other young lady I might want to go out with. It might help me."

He looked at her anxiously. All the color left her face in a flash. She made a great effort to swallow something which threatened to suffocate her. Then she spoke:

"You get out of this house as quick as you can, you wretch, or my father shall kick you out."

He didn't stay long, but left without the testimonial.—*Tid Bits.*

Colored Coin Collector.

There is an old colored cobbler in Hartford, Conn., named A. F. Cleggett who has for 25 years devoted himself to collecting and studying the history of rare copper coins. His son is the champion checker-player of the state. Mr. Cleggett's collection of coins comprises a nearly complete set of pennies issued from 1793 to 1856. His collection is very valuable, and contains many coins almost impossible to obtain. His group of British coppers is very interesting. Some of them date as far back as 1700. Mr. Cleggett is always glad to welcome a well-informed numismatist.

Behind the Times.

"How are my prospects?" asked the candidate of the chairman of the political committee.

"I think they would be better if your speeches contained more comments upon the questions of the day."

"But I have expressed myself in favor of honest government, reduced taxation and—"

"I know, but you never speak of Home Rule in Ireland, Boulanger's flight and other live issues."—*The Epoch.*

"None Better" "Most Reliable"

THAN **Ayer's Pills** to cleanse the stomach and bowels, stimulate the appetite, and help the assimilative process to make good blood. In this way, they prove beneficial in rheumatism, neuralgia, and other disturbances of the nervous system.

"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"We have used Ayer's Pills many years, and think them a very excellent family aperient."—A. B. Foster, Children's Home, Westville, Conn.

"I was troubled with sick headache for ten years, but was finally cured by using Ayer's Pills."—P. J. Haag, Scott, Wisconsin.

"I was afflicted for years with rheumatism. The best of medical skill failed to give me relief. I finally began to take

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

and am now well."—B. S. Osborn, South Norwalk, Conn.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Are Ayer's Pills for Gout, Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Liver-Complaint, Jaundice, and various other diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass., writes:

"For sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy. They were first recommended to me by my mother, thirty years ago, and are the mildest and best purgative in the world."

"I cannot find any remedy for constipation to take the place of Ayer's Pills, and should not consider my medicine chest complete without them."—Capt. J. H. Blake, Steamer *Raphael*, New York City.

"I am never without Ayer's Cathartic Pills in my house. There are none better for the relief and cure of stomach and liver disorders."—Philander W. Melick, Elizabeth City, N. C.

Roland L. Larkin, Harlem, N. Y., certifies: "For a long time I was a victim to indigestion, nausea, dizziness, and heartburn. I took Ayer's Cathartic Pills only one month, and was completely cured."

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

SIMON SHORT'S SON SAM.

The Sibilant Story of the Courtship of the Fair Sophronia Spriggs.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing stanch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, specifying, "Simon Short, Smithfield's surviving shoemaker, shoes sewed, soled superfinely."

Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas.

Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silk, satins, shawls; skeptical Sam sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe-strings, soap, saws, skates; Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since Simon's second son, Samuel saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam showed strange symptoms.

Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several surreptitious serenades slyly.

Simon stormed, scolded severely; said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange, Sam should slight such splendid summer sales! Strutting spendthr

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1889.

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TELL THEM ABOUT IT.

We ask every reader of THE BLADE to tell his neighbors and friends of the announcement of the last literary work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), which is given elsewhere, and ask them to subscribe to THE BLADE in order to get it. It will be the only means of obtaining this story.

PROHIBITION DEFEATED IN TWO STATES—A DISCUSSION OF THE CAUSES.

On June 18, the proposed Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution of Pennsylvania was defeated, the official majority against being 189,020. On June 20, Rhode Island voted on the repeal of the Prohibitory clause which was added to the state constitution in 1886, and repealed it by a vote of 5,469 more than the necessary three-fifths. The vote of the two years was as follows:

	1886.	1888.
For Prohibition.....	15,413	9,853
Against Prohibition.....	9,230	28,449
Majority.....	5,883	18,596

The total vote this year is 38,308; 1886 it was 24,343. This increase of almost 14,000 votes is due to the adoption in April, 1888, of a constitutional amendment repealing the clause requiring a property qualification for voters—that many new votes being thus added. We cannot, however, attribute the repeal of the Prohibition clause to this added vote; for the vote for Prohibition this year is much less than three-fifths of the vote of 1886, and is one-third less than it was then.

It will be seen that the amendment did not have, even at the time of its adoption, a majority of all the citizens in its favor. The enforcing laws were stringent, and were enacted promptly on the adoption of Prohibition in 1886. The chief of the state police, who had the enforcement of the law in his hands, was given ample powers, and money provided by law to aid him in the execution of his duty. The then incumbent resigned in a few months, and a successor was appointed who was a Prohibitionist from principle and belief. His career was a complete examplification of the fact on which THE BLADE has so often insisted—that it is impossible to enforce a restrictive law unless the majority of the people of the state are heartily in favor of it, and give its execution the backing of their moral support. The Rum traffic went on, in spite of the law and the state police. The repeal by the people was the result of this condition of things.

The result in Pennsylvania is due to the following causes:

First, the belief, on the part of the majority of the people, that the Brooks high license law, which has largely reduced the number of saloons in the state, is a better method of dealing with the question than Prohibition.

Second, ignorance of the real success that can be made of Prohibition in states where there is a strong majority in its favor, like Iowa and Kansas—an ignorance carefully fostered by the tons of literature bearing on this point showered over the state by the Rum interest.

Third, a confusion of Prohibition with the support of the third-party Prohibitionists. The political methods of the latter in the pursuit of partisan advantage have been so bitter and vindictive, and their abuse of the two great parties so venomous, as to strongly prejudice thousands against the third party; and in the confounding of Prohibition with the third party votes were lost.

Fourth, the unlimited money at the command of the Rum Power. The purchasable vote was bought, and brought out, to the last man. This vote would have been against the amendment at any rate, and the money simply kept these voters from staying at home. It is idle to suppose that this changed the result, however.

Yet the Rum Power cannot claim that the victory was a Rum victory. We have not the smallest doubt a vast majority of the voters of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island are in favor of temperance, though that majority is not in favor of Prohibition. The leading papers of the state are quick to make the distinction that though the result shows that the people voted down Prohibition it does not mean they favor Rum. Pennsylvania is not a drunken state. Its citizens are surpassed in thrift and intelligence by the citizens of no commonwealth in the Union. The defeat of the Prohibition amendment is not a victory for intemperance. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, GEORGE W. CHILDS'S paper, says editorially:

> The most cogent deterrent was in the influence of those who believed that the Brooks high license act, which was working so well, should have an undisturbed trial for several years, and that it was sound policy in this respect to let well enough alone.

The Philadelphia *Times*, Democratic, says:

> Let no one assume that the result on prohibition is a "rum victory." It is a victory achieved by the conservative temperance element of the state, and it means that severe laws shall regulate a traffic that is capable of great wrongs to society, and that there shall be no lawlessness either invited or tolerated in it. It leaves the whole issue, from high license even to absolute prohibition, open for consideration in our legislative halls, and there will be constant pressure for advancement in every line that promises the promotion of public sobriety. Prohibition is beaten; temperance is not beaten, and it is now safe to say that it never can be beaten in Pennsylvania.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, Republican, says:

> Let it be distinctly understood, however, that the rejection of the amendment has not been accomplished by the saloons. On the contrary, it is in a large part the work of intelligent, thoughtful and respectable men of temperate habits, who have no use for those necessary evils. It is a victory for High License as a permanent reform. If the opposition to the amendment had been confined solely to the keepers of saloons and to those drinkers who abuse liquor, Prohibition would have carried the day by a majority greater than that by which it has been defeated. The largest proportion of the voters who refused to support it were men who might have favored Prohibition if they could have been convinced that it is possible to enforce it, but who were unwilling to commit the supreme law to what they believe would turn out to be only a misleadvous experiment.

We have quoted thus copiously that our friends may understand the tone of public sentiment in Pennsylvania at present. This feeling explains the defeat. But THE BLADE has no idea that Prohibition work should be abandoned. We are convinced that it is the only method for finally settling the struggle with the Rum Power. We regret the effort wasted in endeavoring to carry Prohibition before the people were ready for it. It is plain that high license stands high in popular favor. It must have time, that the people may be convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it will not do what is claimed for it. The agitation must go on—not in the partisan effort to build up the third party on this issue, for that is already proved a failure—but in convincing people that there is no way to remedy the evils of the Rum traffic save by crushing it out. High license will show them that a reduction of the number of saloons does not necessarily reduce the amount of drinking. They will see, by its effects, that Rum will still fill our jails, our poor-houses and our insane asylums; that it will still destroy homes; that there is no reduction in the poverty and vice which Rum produces. They will then be ready to admit that high license is a failure, after all; and that there is but one way to deal with the matter—through Prohibition to utterly abolish the Rum traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SILVER IN LEAD ORES.

The lead ore matter, over which our free trade contemporaries are spending much futile labor, is a remarkably easy one to decide. Lead ore very commonly contains a certain per cent of silver. Silver ore is free of duty; lead ore pays 1¼ cents a pound duty. Lead containing silver is mined in Mexico and brought into the United States. Secretary MANNING, a free trader, in 1886 decided that such ores should be classed according to the metal "of chief value" contained in them; that is, if the value of the lead they contain is greater than the value of the silver, they are to be classed as lead ores; if the amount of silver is more valuable than the amount of lead, they are to be classed as silver ores, and come in duty free.

Now the trouble with this ruling is that silver so greatly exceeds lead in value that it needs but an extremely small per cent of silver in the ore to exceed in value the greatly larger per cent of lead. Hence there has sprung up a large trade in Mexican ore, containing a little silver, which is imported duty free on account of the lead in it. A shipment of ore containing but a trace of silver will have added to it a small quantity of high-grade ore, rich in silver, thus raising the average high enough to pass the custom-house free. An appeal has been taken to the secretary of the Treasury, whose decision is expected to reverse the ruling of his predecessor. He is asked to have such ores classed according to the metal predominating in quantity instead of value.

WORK FOR THE CHURCH.

Advices from Baltimore and Chicago are to the effect that the Catholic church has made up its mind to investigate the workings of the Clan-na-Gael with the probable result that the order will receive its death blow in this country. Both Cardinal GIBBONS and Archbishop FEEHAN have started inquiries as to the character of the clan, and there can be but little doubt that after the evidence is all in the Church will denounce the organization. In fact, the only reason why some such action was not taken before must have been because the prelates were misinformed as to the society, for all of its workings and methods are totally opposed to both the traditions and the practice of the church. She has always condemned secret societies of whatsoever description, and the only ones that ever received her countenance are the Catholic order of Foresters, which is nothing but a beneficiary society, and has no oath bound secrets, and the Knights of Labor, which though nominally a secret society, is, in reality, as open as any other organization of men for a common purpose. The quicker the Clan-na Gael is overthrown, the better for the Irish cause. It was just such organizations in Ireland which hampered PARNELL so badly, and, in this country, the leaders of the Clan-na-Gael have opposed every movement of the Irish patriot, and openly denounced his methods and his actions. How utterly repugnant to American ideas is a society which knows no laws, save its own, need not be discussed, and it would certainly be a most excellent thing for America, for Ireland, and for the church itself, if it should stamp this society with the seal of its disapproval, and crush it out of existence.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

THE appointment of ex-Gov. LUCIUS B. FAIRCHILD as a member of the Cherokee commission has been made the text of various sneering allusions, in the Bourbon and mugwump press, to his famous outburst at Brooklyn when he heard of the craven order for the return of the rebel battle-flags—"palsied be the hand," etc. Whatever these detractors may say, the fact is plain that FAIRCHILD voiced the indignation of the men who marched, fought and bled to capture these trophies from the hosts of treason, marshalled in armed rebellion, as well as the feelings of a great majority of the patriotic men of the North. His words thrilled the nation, and the response was so prompt, so tremendous, that even the stolid, self-satisfied CLEVELAND was compelled to yield his stiff-necked prejudice and countermand the order. The rebel flags were not returned, and will not be. FAIRCHILD is a brave, blunt soldier, and the mark of appreciation involved in the appointment first made by President HARRISON is satisfactory to the masses of the people.

SAM JONES, the evangelist, once in a while hits the political target fair in the bull's eye in his pulpit talks. Speaking to a congregation in Jackson, Miss., the other day, he said:

> I am a Southern man, born in the South, love the South, and expect to go to heaven from the South; yet, I say to you, my friends, when your young men swear to election returns they know to be false, they are getting on dangerous ground.

If the young men get used to carrying elections by force and fraud on one pretext, it will be easy to do the same thing when other fancied necessities arise; and free government will utterly perish in the South, unless revolution shall purge the land by fire and sword.

IT is barely possible that both England and the United States mean business when they send war vessels to Behring sea. The Canadians are ruining the seal business by going inside the islands and shooting the female seals every month in the year. If the purchase of Alaska from Russia did not give our government the right to protect the seal-hunting industry in that region by reasonable regulations, we made a very bad bargain. England may attempt to back her Canadian poachers to some extent, but BLAINE has not the invertebrate weakness of BAYARD, and bluff will not go down at Washington.

DURING the year 1888 the United States consumed 1,500,000 tons of sugar, from which the sugar trust reaped $14,000,000 net profit. The refineries outside the trusts in the same time made $5,000,000. During the first five months of this year, the trust's profits were $8,230,000, and of the outside refineries $3,410,000. This is a state of things that calls loudly for a remedy. If the state legislatures can not crush the trust by canceling the incorporation of the companies concerned and of the trust itself, Congress should promptly interfere.

THE re-election of WM. H. CANDLER to the United States Senate from New Hampshire is a matter of congratulation. He is a vigorous and earnest speaker, ready in debate and cogent in argument, a hard worker, and is bitterly hated by the Bourbons of the Democratic party.

WASHINGTON'S EDUCATION.

The question agitating a few minds now is whether or no WASHINGTON was an educated man. It would seem to be a somewhat useless controversy, but still it has its interest. The debate was started by a paragraph in Judge LOUDON'S "Constitution History," which reads:

> "He (Washington) was a lucid writer, though not a debater, not an educated man, scarcely a general reader, not quick in perception; but in solidity of judgment, fairness of mind, dignity of character and firmness of purpose, he was the ideal American. Take him all in all, alike what he was and what was not, what he did and foreboore to do, he is the greatest man in all our history."

This was at once challenged and admirers of WASHINGTON protested. Finally, this compilation of the views of men who had known the Father of His Country, was presented as settling the matter:

> Jefferson (Works, vol. vi., 287,) says: "His education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later date. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history." Chief Justice Marshall ("Life of Washington," page 1,) says his education "was confined to acquisitions strictly useful, not even extending to foreign languages." Bancroft ("History of the United States," vol. viii., 394,) says: "He grew up without learning. Of arithmetic and geometry he acquired just knowledge enough to be able to practice measuring land, but his instruction at school taught him not so much as the orthography or rules of grammar of his own tongue." See also "Works of John Adams," vol. ii, p. 639.

In the face of this evidence it may be said that WASHINGTON was not what is called an educated man. That is to say his speech was confined to one language, and he had no more acquaintance with the sciences and belle letters than was necessary to the prosecution of such business as he might be engaged in. But he was an able general, an excellent President and a courteous gentleman, and the matter of his education is of little interest.

REALLY, IT WON'T DO.

A news item is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that a French chemist has produced an artificial silk by chemical treatment of cellulose. The great drawback to the new silk is that it is extremely inflammable. It is hardly to be supposed that this article will take the place of the old reliable, that is not open to this important objection. The silk worms understand their little business better than any French chemist and their experience in the matter of silk production will discount the efforts of the enthusiastic Frenchman. Besides, there never will be any very pressing demand for silk that is highly inflammable. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is passionately fond of silk for all her garments. The new brand would never suit her. MR. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX would have to be on duty night and day following MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX around with a couple dozen hand grenades or a Babcock always on tap. And LAURA DAINTRY and GERTRUDE ATHERTON and all the rest of that ilk will set down so hard upon this new discovery that it will never be heard of more. Surely this French chemist has c'er shot the mark.

SOUTH STILL SOLID.

The Atlanta *Constitution* evidently believes in a Solid South. It rejoices at the return of Senator CHANDLER to his old seat, and as its reasons therefor says:

> There have been some inharmonious utterances in the Democratic party of late, but when Mr. Chandler returns to the Senate and takes the reins of leadership, Democrats of all shades of opinion will quickly discover that there are some issues more important than free trade or protection.
>
> Chandler's first work will be to push his bill, which provides for federal control of the ballot boxes, and the Democrats will have to meet this issue in a solid body.

As the New York *Star* hints, Democrats who are anxious for the success of the party and its principles are quite content to see Mr. Chandler retain his place as leader of the Republican party. Under such circumstances, not only the South, but the Democracy in all parts of the Union, will be compelled to maintain a solid front.

TO THE "OLD GUARD."

We ask THE BLADE'S patrons, each and every one, to do us the favor to take a postal card, write on it the name and address of *ten* of their neighbors and friends, and send it to us, so that we may mail sample copies of the paper containing the announcement "The Demagogue," D. R. LOCKE'S final literary work. It should be read by everybody.

IT is suggested that although Ohio only got seventh place in the graduating class at West Point that another Ohioan, Gen. GRANT, was way down in the list and still managed to make some little reputation for himself when it came to actual work. It might also be stated that PHIL SHERIDAN was at the foot of his class and yet SHERIDAN made quite a soldier. In spite of all this, however, the West Point cadet who wants to make any mark in his profession will find that the higher his standing at the academy the better his chances.

The free trade papers of the East are declaring that protection has lessened the value of farm property in this country. The New York *Sun*, Democratic, drops this center shot into their ranks:

> Calculations upon the decline in value of American farms will, perhaps, receive an additional fillip from the news that an English farm of 202 acres in Cambridgeshire, which a few years ago was purchased for £10,000, and has since had £3,000 spent upon it, has just been sold for the sum of £8,850. The promoters of free trade statistics will be particularly interested.

THE people of this country will hear of the illness of Mrs. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES with profound regret. Called upon to fill a prominent place in the social affairs of the Republic, she performed her duties so that the country was the better for her existence, and the name of LUCY HAYES has become in this country a synonym for that of a loving wife, a faithful mother and a noble woman.

SIMON CAMERON has been a historic figure in this country. Prominently identified with public affairs at the time when America needed the best services of her best men, he has always done his part faithfully and well, and his record, whether as citizen or legislator, has been that of a man who loved his country, and, loving her, knew best how to serve her. He has lived his life well, and dying, will leave an honorable record behind him.

IT seems that DON GUZMAN, who has recently gotten himself slightly unpopular in Venzuela, speculated in real estate. Perhaps he got into the habit of selling ten corner lots in a block to non-residents, and so incited the feeling which culminated in his overthrow.

THE Montana Republicans will do well to remember that all the territories that have become flourishing and important states, arrayed themselves under the Republican banner from the start.

THE Philadelphia *Press* gives this good advice: "Don't contribute verses to the Johnstown sufferers—their waste-baskets are full. Contribute money—their hands and stomachs are empty."

THE Louisiana Republicans are sanguine of electing a Representative in the 3d Louisiana district, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. EDWARD J. GAY, Democrat.

THERE is an intimation that MAHONE will be the Republican candidate for governor of Virginia. Virginia is a Republican state at heart, and an honest count would reveal the fact.

NOW is the time of year when colleges throw honorary titles broadcast over the country with a prodigality which does not indicate that they are of any great value.

THE Democratic campaign cry in Ohio this year will evidently be "Brice and boodle."

IS CALVIN S. BRICE to be the political heir of HENRY B. PAYNE in Ohio?

BEHRING SEA.

This portion of the Atlantic ocean is inclosed by Siberia on the west, northwest and north; by Alaska on the north, northeast and east; and by the peninsula of Alaska and the long chain of the Aleutian Islands on the south. For some 200 years Russia held Behring Sea, the land on both sides, and the islands encircling it, as exclusive possessions. She claimed that it is a closed sea (*mare clausum*), and maintained that claim steadily. In 1824 a treaty was concluded by Russia with the United States, and in 1825 another with Great Britain, which virtually conceded complete jurisdiction to Russia over both sea and land north of 54 deg. 40 min. north latitude, certain privileges for a limited period being conceded by Russia in return. These treaties amounted to an ackcowledgment of Russia's asserted rights.

In 1867 Russia sold to the United States Alaska and the islands, and the sea now in dispute, without reservation. Hence, any and all rights and jurisdiction possessed by Russia passed to the United States, and are now our own. Russia always maintained that Behring Sea is a closed "sea," and the United States maintains the claim, and will continue so to do. Of course the mugwump press, with its usual subservience to all things English, lifts wailing voices against the common-sense policy of maintaining the rights we purchased and saving the fur seal from extinction; but nobody minds what the mugwumps say.

A GOOD WATCH AT LAST!

Those of our readers who want a *good* cheap watch will please read our new watch offer in the Publishers' Department, on 5th page. The watch we now have is the best cheap watch ever offered, and we are able to recommend it heartily.

THE "gentlemen's agreement" between railways, which resulted in the formation of the Inter-state Commerce Railway association, don't seem to be kept in the spirit in which gentlemen should regard their word. The Chicago & Alton railway has withdrawn from the association because, as it claims, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway has violated, in the most flagrant manner, the very essence of the agreement between the associated lines in giving secret rates to large shippers, by which it has largely increased its traffic to the detriment of its rivals. It remains to be seen whether the St. Paul road will be dealt with in the stringent manner provided for by the rules of the association and the inter-state commerce laws. If it is not, the whole association will go to pieces. It is a very difficult matter to prove the charges alleged by the Alton, although they may be very patent. The result of this first break in the association will be awaited with interest.

IT took over $79,000 to pay for transporting the mails by steamboat in the single state of Florida last year. Less than $48,000 was paid for carrying all the Central and South American mails in American steamships. Quick and frequent mail communication by steam is a necessity to the growth of commerce with these countries, yet if it is proposed to pay a subsidy to secure such communication, a dreadful howl goes up from the free trade camp. Every one knows that not one of the Florida steamer mail routes pays the government; that is, it costs much more to carry the mails than all the postage the government receives for the mail carried. Is there any good reason why the government should practically pay a subsidy for for carrying domestic mails and not pay one to American citizens for carrying foreign mails?

THE friends of Sabbath reform propose to hold a mass convention for the district including Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, to be held in connection with the Illinois state convention in Chicago some time during next November. At a recent conference, resolutions were adopted indorsing the action of the authorities in abolishing Sunday parades; also, petitioning the postoffice authorities at Washington and Chicago for the maximum of reform in the Sunday work of that department. This movement is one in which all should join, even if leaving the religious aspect out of the question. If the increase in Sunday work goes on, the laboring classes will find themselves compelled to work seven days a week for the wages of six days. That is the logical end of the matter.

THE Michigan girl is coming to the front. She appears to have the persistence of a politician, the energy of the Ohio man, and a talent for adopting means to ends peculiarly her own. The latest instance of the typical Michigan maiden comes from Dorr, Mich. The young lady dearly loves music and pined for a cabinet organ. Being unable to buy one, she devoted her time and labor last year to raising onions, with the result that she has just "swapped" 350 bushels of them for the coveted instrument. We expect to hear of that girl again one of these days.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.

Send us, *at once*, on a postal card or otherwise, the names of ten of your neighbors whom you think would like to read the late D. R. LOCKE'S great novel of American life, "The Demagogue," the announcement of which is given elsewhere. We will send to every person a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the announcement, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us names as above requested. Do it AT ONCE.

WYOMING holds her election for delegates to her constitutional convention on July 8. It has been agreed that there shall be no partisan candidates, the best men being elected irrespective of politics. The only burning question is whether women shall be allowed to vote for these delegates. The territory has woman suffrage, but there seems to be a doubt as to their right to vote in this case.

A POLITICAL co-partnership, with ex-Secretary WHITNEY, the son-in-law of HENRY B. PAYNE, and CAL. BRICE, the rainbow-chaser, as the high contracting parties, seems to be one of the latest developments in Ohio and national politics. BRICE wants to go to the Senate, and WHITNEY to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1892.

LET us possess our souls in patience, fellow-citizens. We will know all about the provisions of the Samoan treaty some six months hence, when it is acted on by the Senate. Meanwhile, we know that the United States got all she demanded, and can afford to wait to ascertain the exact phraseology wherein this is conceded.

THE free trade theorists are at work too early for the campaign of 1892. They apparently never heard of the man who, intending to jump over a hill, went back three miles so as to get a good run, and, as a consequence, when he came to the jumping place, was obliged to sit down and rest.

THE attitude of President FITZGERALD, wherein he attempts to discredit the fact that Dr. CRONIN was murdered, is unfortunate. If the guilt of his murderers can be half as well proven as the fact of his death, HAMAN will be a very low hung man in comparison.

FRANCE holds general elections on September 22, and they promise to be exciting and important. They will either make BOULANGER an issue of prime importance, or drop him into the gulf of merited oblivion.

MR. REECE ON THE RAILWAY PROBLEM.

The many Toledo friends of Mr. BENJAMIN REECE will be glad to read his article on "Railway Maladjustments" in the July number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which the general theory he has so long held, that law very frequently is a disturber of social conditions, is applied to the railway problem. His line of argument, roughly stated, is that the causes underlying our disordered and over-developed railway system are: (1) legislative stimulation of railway construction; (2) legislation tending to push capital into unnatural combinations.

Under the first head, the opportunity for the development of the resources of new regions given by railways was speedily recognized, and that, to secure this development, laws were enacted to promote and hasten their construction. Mr. REECE believes that our railroad development should not have proceeded faster than sound business sense would dictate, viz: that a railroad should not have been built through a territory which would not afford it sufficient business to make it a safe business venture for capital. Instead of this, state subsidies and local aid were freely given to secure the construction of new lines, and even the general government aided in this by most generous gifts from the public domain. Thus the normal equilibrium between the actual needs of developing traffic, and the natural development of railways within prudential limits to meet this growing demand, was destroyed, and lines constructed that had no possibility of being paying ventures.

The totally unexpected result of numbers of non-paying lines was their combination under one control, thus destroying competition, and compelling the people to pay, in increased freight rates, for the maintenance of two lines where one would amply suffice for the traffic. Again, unscrupulous men took advantage of the hot-house railway legislation to construct lines paralleling paying lines (the Nickel Plate and West Shore are instanced as examples), not for the purpose of legitimate competition, but to compel a purchase of the newer by the older line to maintain a practical monopoly and to save their own line from wreck, and then compelling the public to pay for the purchase—indirectly, of course, but none the less paying for it.

Mr. REECE believes that all general laws favoring railways should be at once repealed, and that no new line should be chartered unless the public necessity be clearly shown. He points out the lesson to be drawn from the state of Iowa. Her laws favor railway construction, and as a result she has a large development of lines. He says:

> Let us watch the early settlers of Iowa distribute themselves along three lines of railroad when they could have been better accommodated at less cost for highways, schools, churches, policing, and the administration of township and city affairs, along the line of one; but in addition to these incidental burdens they found themselves compelled to pay high rates for railway service in order to pay the fixed charges and dividends on the stocks of those railroads doing the business of one.

According to Mr. REECE, Iowa went to work the wrong way to remedy this matter, by passing laws prescribing the rates to be charged; what she should have done was to have repealed all her railway laws, and checked the construction of non-paying roads. Adverse legislation should have been aimed directly against premature and unnecessary construction, instead of making the conditions of operating them more onerous.

He declares the Inter-state Commerce law a failure, because it does not touch the cause. It aims to regulate rates, while allowing the policy of unnecessary construction to remain in full swing. His theory is that no railway should be built unless there is business for it, and he is earnest in his belief that evils due to premature and needless construction can never be cured by laws regulating operation—which is precisely what the Inter-state Commerce law aims to do.

Mr. REECE'S paper is one that will challenge attention and arouse discussion. He reasons with ability, and if we grant his premise of a too rapid development of railway systems, there is no escape from his conclusion—that the public are already provided with more railroads than the traffic at reasonable rates can sustain, hence no possible legislation can be invoked which can prevent either a loss to the railroads or added burdens to the people.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

A PHILADELPHIA paper publishes the following bulletin, which it says was issued by Chairman PALMER, of the Prohibitary amendment campaign committee, at 10 p. m. on the night of election:

> The combined villainy of the Republican and Democratic machines, by the use of every rascality known to corrupt politics, rolled up by a majority of 91,000 against the amendment, which is defeated.

The majority was over 189,000, however. It is easy to cry that the political party machines did it, but it gives them credit for too much power. In a close election machine methods may have some influence in determining the result, but in an election with such an enormous majority as in this case the machine is powerless. It only follows the drift of public sentiment; it does not lead.

THE flavor of that mint julep which FRED MUSSEY drank with JEFF DAVIS at the Atlanta Confederate beatification of the latter a couple of years ago still seems to linger on Mr. MUSSEY'S palate, to judge by the following paragraph from the *Commercial Gazette:*

> The efforts of the Charleston *News and Courier* and Macon *Telegraph* to get up a conspiracy against somebody on this paper will ingeniously fail. They may work in the Confederate flags, but they must not neglect the mint julep.

THE *Brewers' Journal*, commenting upon the decrease in internal revenue receipts from beer in Kansas and Iowa, says:

> The decrease is so heavy as to give color to the prohibition threat, that the brewing business will be among the industries of the past in those unlucky states.

A RUSSIAN war vessel is quietly cruising off the Pacific coast of the Dominion, studying the defenses, and our friends across the border are worrying themselves over it. They think it foreshadows an invasion, if England and Russia ever go to war again.

TO-DAY'S dispatches from Rome announce that the Pope has instructed Archbishop FEEHAN, of Chicago, to take such steps as he thinks necessary to suppress the Clan-na-Gael. The move is in the right direction.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE murderer is in hard luck. He thought he was on his death bed and made a full confession. Now he is getting well and the prospect of the gallows catching him in the end is not alluring.

IT is the old story in Europe. Every government is loud in its protestations that it desires peace, yet they are all energetically at work preparing for war.

CONCERNING the toy pistol, now that the glorious Fourth approaches, we rise to remark that prevention is better than cure for the wounds it is liable to inflict.

THE Democrats are having a monkey and parrot time. A little shaking up will do the old fossils good.

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

A woman of a grand and noble type, an honor to her sex and to her country, has passed from earth. LUCY WEBB HAYES, wife of ex-President R. B. HAYES, died at her home at Fremont this morning. She was a woman of rare force of character, combined with great sweetness of disposition. She made friends everywhere, and it was remarkable that these friendships were never broken by MRS. HAYES. The girl friends she made in her school-days at the old Wesleyan Female seminary of Cincinnati remained her friends to the day of her death. And the real grandeur of her character, its marvelous simplicity and sweetness, is revealed in this one fact: She had but graduated when she married Mr. HAYES, then an obscure, unmarked young lawyer, with his career yet to make; his upward progress was rapid, both in military and civil life, until it culminated in placing him upon the highest pinnacle of power to which an American can aspire; yet her manners never changed from the unaffected sweetness and large-souled simplicity which had marked her girlhood. She did not grow haughty, as many a woman, cast in a less generous mental mold, would have done. In the many trying social exigencies that are unavoidable to any woman who becomes the "first lady of the land," her sweet womanly instincts never failed her, and in all the tempestuous political scenes of Gen. HAYES'S career no one ever breathed a disrespectful or an unkind word of Mrs. HAYES.

Her life has been that of a devoted Christian woman; and with her religion was not a cloak to wear to church, but formed a part of the texture of her daily life. She has been since early life a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and wherever she has dwelt the community has felt her influence for good in a thousand ways. Her refusal to allow any wine or other liquors in the White House during her husband's Presidency has become a matter of history, and it is but an illustration of her character. If she conceived a line of conduct to be right, there was no possible combination or circumstances that could cause her to swerve one hair's breadth. Her tastes were domestic, and as a wife and a mother she was a model to the American women. She cared but little for dress, paying but cursory attention to fashion's dictates. Her mind was busy with more important matters than mere feminine frivolities. Her death will be mourned by thousands of the women of America who, though denied the privilege of a personal knowledge, yet found in her life and example both inspiration and comfort.

SIMON CAMERON.

The career of SIMON CAMERON, just closing, has been in many respects a remarkable one. Born in the last century, his 90 years of life have spanned all the important epochs of American history since the adoption of the federal constitution, and he was a prominent man in political life within the first quarter of the present century. He antedates the "grand old man," GLADSTONE, by nearly a decade, and had almost reached his majority when BISMARCK was born.

Born of sturdy Scotch ancestry, the secret of his longevity has been the possession of a sound mind in a sound body. Physically always strong and energetic, his life has been one of constant activity, and till within a few years he was constantly in political life. His career in fact is a part of the political history of the nation, while of that of Pennsylvania he is certainly able to say *"magnum pars qui fuit."* He was not only a leader for years of his party in his state, but his leadership is possibly the only instance in our history which passed directly from father to son—he retiring from the United States Senate in 1877 to be succeeded by DON CAMERON, his son.

WHAT is the error in the world's accepted social system that leads to the rapid increase in the number of divorces, which is not peculiar to the United States, but prevails also in Europe? Statements are furnished by Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT which show that divorces have doubled during the last twenty years, not only in the United States but in Great Britain, in Canada, in France, in Belgium, in the Netherlands, in Baden, Saxony, Norway and Alsace-Lorraine. They are gaining also in Russia, Roumania, Denmark and Italy. It is noteworthy that the increase of divorces prevails among people of every race, religion and social condition; and when we consider that the traditional view of marriage in Europe is that of the Roman Catholic church, which does not allow divorces, it will be seen that, allowing for the difference in the conditions, the movement of divorce is very nearly uniform, both in the older civilization and in its newer developments. This indicates that something is profoundly out of joint in the organization of society, when the family, which should always be the most conservative element in society, may be said to be undergoing gradual decay in the most civilized portions of the world.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

"The chief thing," said a London dressmaker the other day, "is to make the bodice so that nobody shall know how you got into it."—*Fashion Magazine.*

Here's four dollars that says that human ingenuity never did and never will make a bodice so that nobody shall know how you got into it. The whole thing can be explained in a jiffy. You simply take the slinky thing in your left hand, and jam your right arm up the sleeve, yanking it good and hard, to get it well up under the arm. Then you twist your spine about 60 degrees, while you make a frantic dive with your left arm for the other sleeve, and miss it by about a foot. Then you try again, choking down the swear words that involuntarily bubble up and over, and keep on trying till you have speared that other sleeve. When both arms are partially in you crook up your back, draw a long breath, jerk your arms suddenly forward in a circular motion, and there you are. Then take a patent button hook and a strong maid servant and button the top button. This accomplished, if you have muscle enough, continue the operation till you reach the last button. Then you will find that you have gotten the wrong button in the wrong hole. Don't swear, but unbotton it all and begin over again, and in the course of half or three-quarters of an hour everybody will wonder how you got into your bodice. But you will know all about it.

THE *American Economist* makes a point which it is well not to lose sight of when it shows that the cost of living has declined 50 per cent and the rate of wages increased 50 per cent within the present century. The net result is an advance of 100 per cent in actual wages. This accounts for the accumulations in savings banks, and for the still incomparably vaster sums expended in lands, houses, and the environments of home life by all the industrial classes. Only the student of maxims instead of markets, or the selfish agitator, would disregard such evidences of the marvelous fruit of the American system of protection to home industries and home labor.

A REGULAR army officer reports whisky the worst feature of the outbreak at the Mille-Lacs reservation. He has evidently been in the army but a short time. His opinion will be changed by contact with the other officers.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

The Crowning Literary Labor of the Late D. R. Locke's Life.

A Distinctively American Novel by the Greatest American Humorist.

The Readers of the Blade Delighted at the Announcement Last Week.

The announcement in last week's BLADE that Mr. D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby") left an unpublished novel, the crowning literary work of his career, has been received with surprise and pleasure everywhere. We reproduce on the fifth page of this issue many of the notices already given it by the press of the country, to which attention is invited.

Already the readers of THE BLADE are attesting their pleasure by private letters, and many others are testifying to the high regard in which they hold Mr. LOCKE'S memory by sending us the subscriptions of their friends, and lists of names for specimen copies. To one and all we extend our warmest thanks, and assure them that their expectations regarding "The Demagogue" will be more than realized when they read it.

The title of the story is "The Demagogue," and its scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, opening some forty years ago with the birth of the hero in a miserable log-cabin in that then largely undeveloped region. The story is the life-history of this boy, the son of an ignorant, poor and drunken father and a slatternly mother. Gifted by nature with fine talents, he conquers an education despite the obstacles in his path, as a means to his material advancement. The boy sees, in the community around him, that the men of most influence and of the highest standing among their fellows, are those possessing money, and determines to become wealthy in order to be able to obtain influence. His school career and his apprenticeship in a country printing office, are sketched with that absolute fidelity to the reality which was so characteristic of the famed author's "Nasby" letters. The hero's character, warped by his early life and low station, and its gradual development along selfish lines when he reached manhood's years, is pictured with the faithfulness of a photograph. It is a study from life, drawn by a master-hand.

The hero, in his morbid craving for power and position, is irresistibly attracted toward a political career. He studies law and enters politics, and his ambition becomes centered on reaching the Presidency itself. His methods as a politician give pertinence to the title of the story—"The Demagogue." The political scenes are literally drawn from life, and in more than one case there are men of national reputation who will recognize the events narrated as strictly true, the veil of fiction being drawn only over the names of the participants. The hero's political career begins just before the outbreak of the great civil war, and those who recall the intensity of feeling then existing can realize dimly the magnificent use Mr. LOCKE made of the opportunities it presented for the vivid delineation of such a career.

Every character in the story is a clear-cut, sharply-defined personality. The old backwoods doctor; the kind old farmer who gave the hero his first lift in life, through the childish championship of his golden-haired little daughter; the law clerk who first fathomed the real nature of the hero, and who, for the love of a woman, kept on his track with the pertinacity and deadly purpose of a bloodhound on the trail; the family into which the hero married, in order to better his own fortunes; the unloved wife; are each an individual study, and pass before the reader, not as half-seen, shadowy forms, but as living, breathing entities, whom you are compelled to recognize as being human in every sense of the word. Mr. LOCKE had a very wide experience among men; he was a student of human nature, and he draws their excellencies, their nobler traits, with as kindly and truthful hand as he is pitiless in depicting baseness and hypocrisy and the evil which is blended with the good in humanity.

This story, in depicting the history of the man whose career named it "The Demagogue," and the other characters, though hardly inferior in importance, however, whose lives are involved in that career, comes nearer to being "the great American novel" than any work yet written. The manuscript is now being read and revised by a friend of Mr. LOCKE, with whom the latter had often discussed the story. No changes whatever will be made in it, save they should be necessary to preserve the unities of time and place.

"The Demagogue" will be published in the columns of THE BLADE, beginning in July. It is the only unpublished manuscript from D. R. LOCKE'S pen in existence, and it is safe to say that upon it he spent more time and labor than upon anything else that he ever wrote. He desired it to take the post of honor among American novels, and we have no doubt that it will be awarded that position through its own intrinsic merits. It is strong, true to life, and distinctively American. It is, in fact, "the great American novel."

A FAIRY story is going the rounds of the Democratic press, to the effect that ALEXANDER

LITERARY SENSATION

Caused by the Announcement of Mr. Locke's Story.

His Literary Friends All Anxious for "The Demagogue."

What the Press is Saying Already Concerning the Matter.

The announcement made in THE BLADE last week, that we will begin in July the publication of the late D. R. Locke's greatest work, "The Demagogue," has created a genuine sensation in the literary world. We are sure that this story will be the greatest feature ever offered to the readers of THE BLADE. As showing the interest that is manifested in the story, we reproduce the following editorial from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of June 21:

"One of the ambitions of the late D. R. Locke (Nasby) was to write the great American novel. His intimate friends knew that for many years he cherished the plan of writing a novel of American life that should deal with politics as well as with society. Mr. Locke had prepared for this story with unusual care. He had written in the years of his literary activity hundreds of sketches and stories which were in the nature of experimental chapters in the great work which was to be undertaken when he felt that the time had come for him to produce his best work. After his death last year only about two-thirds of the manuscript of the story on which he had been at work could be found, but after the death of Mr. Locke's life-long friend, Charles A. B. Shepard, of the well-known publishing house, the remainder of the story was found among Mr. Shepard's papers, having evidently been sent for by the author. The story was now complete, and arrangements were made for its publication. The title of the story is "The Demagogue," and the scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, opening some 40 years ago, with the birth of the hero in a log cabin in what was then an undeveloped district. The story is the life history of this boy, the son of an ignorant, poor and drunken father and a slatternly mother. This boy, rising to manhood with a morbid craving for power and position, enters upon a political career.

"No American writer has made a closer study of the rough, robust characters thrown to the front in the upheaval of American politics than did Mr. Locke. His "Nasby" letters and his numerous semi-political stories were in fact a preparation for the writing of this story of "The Demagogue," and it is very fortunate that the manuscript has been preserved."

The New York *World*, of June 18, on its editorial page, had the following:

"The late D. R. Locke ('Petroleum V. Nasby') left among his unpublished writings the manuscript of a novel called 'The Demagogue.' It was thought at first that the story was incomplete, but further investigation has shown that the novel is in a publishable form. It will be brought out at once by THE TOLEDO BLADE. Those who have read the story say that it will take its place as 'the Great American Novel.'"

The *Epoch*, a New York literary weekly of high class, in its issue of June 21 says:

"The late D. R. Locke (Nasby) left the completed MS. of a novel, which he called 'The Demagogue.' It is claimed by those who have read the story that it is original and dramatic, and describes exciting scenes in which prominent men who are still living took part, but who are concealed by the thin disguise of fictitious names. The novel will be published by THE TOLEDO BLADE. It will be begun in July, and run as a serial."

The Portland, Maine, *Advertiser*, of June 21, says:

"The late D. R. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby, left among his unpublished writings the manuscript of a novel called 'The Demagogue.' It was thought at first that the story was incomplete, but further investigation has shown that the novel was in publishable form. It will be brought out at once by the Toledo BLADE."

The Cincinati *Times-Star*, of June 19, has this:

"The late D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) left among his unpublished writings the manuscript of a novel called 'The Demagogue,' which will soon be published."

The New York *Evening Sun*, of June 20, makes the following announcement:

"'The Demagogue,' a posthumous novel of the late D. R. Locke, will soon appear in THE BLADE, the paper which Nasby made so famous. It is a story of the fortunes of a poor boy who forced his way to political eminence over other people's happiness, impelled by a masterful craving for power. The action takes place during the years just before the war, and the author rests his labor upon it invisibly, desiring to make it 'the great American novel' so often heralded. 'The Demagogue' is the only unpublished manuscript of Mr. Locke's in existence, and its publication will begin in THE BLADE in July."

The Chicago *Tribune* of June 22, says:

"The late D. R. Locke ('Petroleum V. Nasby'), left among his unpublished writings the manuscript of a novel called 'The Demagogue.' It was thought at first that the story was incomplete, but further investigation has shown that the novel is in a publishable form. It will be brought out at once by the Toledo BLADE."

These, and many more extracts from the press all over the country show what an interest the story has awakened. "The Demagogue" will be the great literary treat of the year.

We have made a special three months' club rate for THE WEEKLY BLADE at an extremely low price, in order that those who are not regular subscribers may be able to obtain "The Demagogue." Agents should write for special club terms *at once*.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

An Important Feature for "The Blade" This Summer.

Arrangements have just been completed by which readers of THE BLADE will be offered a novel feature this summer, one that will prove as interesting and instructive as it will be entertaining. Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, the Editor of this paper, sails for Europe early in July, for a much needed rest and vacation, and will spend nearly two months among the people of northern Germany. During this time he will write a weekly letter to THE BLADE, which will be illustrated by photographs taken on the spot. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American reader about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE, Nasby), and thus had an unequalled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters from the North of Germany.

But Probably Loss.

Namby—I just lent $10 to Pamby; I wish you would make an item of it, Mr. Bookkeeper.

Book-keeper—Shall I debit it to cash?

"I guess you don't know Pamby very well. Put it in the profit and loss account."—*Yankee Blade.*

A Fitting Text.

Little Liza—Sister May, Tommie is trying to pull pussy's tail out, Isn't he a naughty boy!

May (who is thinking of her approaching marriage)—Tommie, let that cat alone. "What God hath joined together let no man pull asunder."—*To-day.*

WEEKLY BLADE THREE MONTHS.

In order that many thousand new readers may join THE BLADE ranks during the publication of Mr. LOCKE'S serial story elsewhere announced, we shall make a special 3 months' club rate for the Weekly BLADE, at a price that ought to give us 50,000 new subscribers within 30 days. Agents will do well to write us for special club terms *at once*.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XIII.

DIXIE'S SUNNY LAND.

[The following was written by Sergeant T. J. Hyatt, while a prisoner in Andersonville. Published by request.]

Come friends and fellow soldiers brave, come listen to my song
About the rebel prisons, and our sojourn there so long;
Our wretched state and hardships great no one can understand,
But those who did endure our fate in Dixie's sunny land.

When captured by the chivalry, they stripped us to the skin.
But failed to give us back again the value of a pin.
Except some dirty rags of gray discarded by their band;
'Twas thus commenced our prison life in Dixie's sunny land.

With a host of guards surrounding us, each with a loaded gun,
We were stationed in an open plain, exposed to rain and sun;
No tent or tree to shelter us, we lay upon the sand;
Thus, side by side, great numbers died, in Dixie's sunny land.

This was our daily bill of fare, in that secesh saloon,
No sugar, tea or coffee there at morning, night or noon;
But a pint of meal, ground cob and all, was served to every man,
And for want of fire we ate it raw, in Dixie's sunny land.

We were by these poor rations soon reduced to skin and bone,
A lingering starvation worse than death you can but own;
There hundreds lay both night and day, by far too weak to stand,
Till death released their sufferings in Dixie's sunny land.

We poor survivors oft were tried by many a threat and bribe;
To desert our glorious Union cause and join the rebel tribe;
Though fain were we to leave the place, we let them understand
We had rather die than thus disgrace our flag in Dixie's land.

Thus dreary days and nights rolled by, yes, weeks and months untold;
Until the happy time arrived when we were all paroled;
We landed at Annapolis, a wretched-looking band,
But glad to be alive and free from Dixie's sunny land.

How like a dream these days now seem, in retrospective view,
As we regain our wasted strength, all dressed in Union blue;
The debt we owe our bitter foe will not have long to stand,
'Twill be paid with a vengeance, too, in Dixie's sunny land.

THE COPPERHEAD.

Published by request. Author unknown.

Of all the factious men we've seen,
Existing now, or long since dead,
No one was ever known so mean
As him we call a Copperhead.
A draft-evading Copperhead;
A rebel-aiding Copperhead;
A growling, slandering, scowling, pandering,
Vicious, States-Rights Copperhead.

From him the decencies of life
And all its courtesies have fled.
He lives in factious strife,
A testy, touchy, Copperhead.
A negro-fearing Copperhead;
A rebel-cheering Copperhead;
An unlearned, unlicked, oft-spurned, oft-whipped,
Dough-faced, cringing Copperhead.

When "Save the Union" was the cry,
And thousands for the Union bled,
The nation's right he did deny,
To save itself—this Copperhead.
A "Son of Liberty" Copperhead,
A "Golden Circle" Copperhead,
A scheming, lying, screaming, flying,
Mean Canadian Copperhead.

When Southern miscreants designed
Their helpless prisoners' blood to shed,
And Libby prison undermined,
Who then approved? This Copperhead,
The soldier-shooting Copperhead,
The patriot-hooting Copperhead,
The war-abusing, aid-refusing,
Crime-excusing Copperhead.

Who scoffed at Pillow's bloody fray,
And Andersonville's murdered dead?
Who victory's hour did long delay?
The traitorous, treacherous, Copperhead.
The crime-exulting Copperhead:
Assassinating Copperhead;
The strife-exciting, wrath-inviting,
Death-delighting, Copperhead.

When widows mourned their lonely lot,
And orphan children wept their dead,
Who said their just deserts they got?
The Northern rebel Copperhead.
The widow-libeling Copperhead;
The grief-deriding Copperhead;
The false, conspiring, city-firing,
Booth-admiring, Copperhead.

Nor woman's grief nor orphan's tears,
Nor even a Nation's honored dead
Are sacred from the jibes and sneers
Of every brutal Copperhead.
Each church-aspiring Copperhead;
Each preacher-cursing Copperhead;
Each Union-hating, war-creating,
Repudiation Copperhead.

Crawl to your dung-hill, viper, crawl,
For General Grant, with conquering tread,
Marches to crush the thing men call
In politics, a Copperhead.
A Democratic Copperhead;
A vile, fanatic Copperhead;
A maundering, jeering, widow-sneering,
Assassin-cheering Copperhead.

Foolish Birds.

There are silly birds as well as silly people. The demoiselle crane, of Africa, sits first on one leg and then on the other, turns its head to one side and then to the other, dances a little dance all by itself, and then stands as still as a minister. It is a very vain, comical-acting bird. The booby is more stupid and quite as silly. It sits on the seashore and shivers and shakes its head like an idiot. It will sit and be knocked over with a club rather than to make an effort to fly away. The puffin belongs to the auk family, and is not a very bright bird. Large numbers of these birds congregate in the crevices of the rocks in high latitudes. Travelers say they can capture them by letting down a rope, for the bird touched with it will grab it in his beak, and as it is lifted from the earth another bird will seize the first one's tail, and another one that one's tail, until a long string of them can be drawn from the abyss below.

The albatross can also be caught with a line. Sailors bait hooks with salt pork and throw them into the sea. The albatross swallows the bait, and rising in the air, is drawn in like a kite. The silly part of the performance is that when let go, the bird suffers itself to be caught again in the same manner.—*Eliza Morton in Sunshine.*

The Children's Playground.

The 30-acre "playstead" at Franklin park was dedicated the other afternoon, the active participants being about 9,000 of Boston's school children, whose performances were witnessed by not less than 20,000 spectators.

This tract of land lies in front of the magnificent "Overlook and Shelter," and at the junction of School and Seaver streets. The Overlook is a broad, concreted elevated platform several hundred feet long, constructed upon a ledge, and faced with boulders removed from the section now known as the Playstead. The face of the embankment is rugged and quite picturesque. It is covered with creeping vines, bushes, and turf, the top presenting the appearance of a parapet. The Shelter is a structure 150 feet long and 75 feet deep, two-thirds of which is concreted, with spacious openings, from which the entire Playstead can be viewed.

It is the finest playground ever set apart for children's use in this country.—*Boston Herald.*

A Laudable Proposition.

The female child came into the room looking very blue. She sat around awhile and got up and went out and came back again. At last she went up to her mother.

"Mamma."

"What's the matter?"

"I guess mamma, I'll get married."

"What? Why do you want to get married?"

"There's so many girls around."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Beverly, N. J., after trying prohibition for four years, has given it up. Residents of the town say the experiment nearly cost it its existence.

GROVER IN WAITING

FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION

A Blade Correspondent Has an Interesting Talk With Mr. Cleveland in New York.

NEW YORK, June 25.—(Special.)—A condition and not a theory.

That's what again confronts Grover Cleveland.

The leading political question of the day is whether he will accept the nomination for the Presidency in 1892.

From a conversation with some of the Democratic leaders I have learned the position that he really occupies in this matter. The point is one that has been pretty generally overlooked by the press and the public in all discussions upon Cleveland's candidacy.

Grover Cleveland will accept the nomination if the conditions are favorable for the general acceptance by the Democratic party of his tariff reform views three years from now. If the conditions are unfavorable, if the Democratic party is again hopelessly divided upon this subject, Cleveland will decline to be a candidate. But from the manner in which the Cleveland contingent captured the machinery of the National committee, and the interest that the ex-President manifested in the election of Cal Brice as national chairman, it is manifest that he expects a free trade tidal wave to sweep over this country three years hence.

Ex-Congressman Campbell, of Hamliton, the leading Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, inquired, the other evening, whether Cleveland expected the nomination. I repeated these views, the views of the highest Democratic authority in the city of New York, and, after considering a moment, Mr. Campbell replied that this was undoubtedly Grover Cleveland's true position in regard to future presidential honors.

A Chat With Grover.

Knowing that the readers of THE BLADE would be interested in the sayings and doings of the man so recently the President of the United States, I hunted up Grover Cleveland one pleasant afternoon. Democrats who intend to make a pilgrimage to see their great chief should remember that he is almost as inaccessible as he was when his glance caused terror to come into the heart of the average office-seeker who haunted the White House during the recent Democratic administration. He is located in the top of one of the tallest of the tall Williams street buildings.

On the door to the entrance of the office of the firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy & Macveagh, painted in letters of gold and black, can be seen these names:

GROVER CLEVELAND.
TRAVERS LYNDE STETSON.
CHARLES W. BANGS.
CHARLES EDWARD TRACY.
FRANCIS S. BANGS.
CHARLES MACVEAGH.

Mr. Cleveland's office is to the right, and is a large, sunny, airy, comfortable room. With such pleasant surroundings it would seem as though any one ought to become a great lawyer.

One thing would strike average lawyer, and it is so palpable and plain that it strikes the average man upon entering Mr. Cleveland's office. That is that while he has a splendid library in his room the books are all of the newest binding and the bright letters shining the revised statutes and the copies of the writings of famous legal authorities of America and England show their recent purchase. Even the copies of Blackstone, Kent, Greenleaf and Marshall are in applepie-order, arranged on new shelves, spotless of dust, and looking as bright as a new pin.

There are years to be no soiled books like those in the ordinary law office, but this is easily accounted for when it is remembered that Mr. Cleveland had never taken the time or the pains to collect a great library during his practice at Buffalo, but now that he has become a great lawyer it is only natural that he should purchase a brand-new lot of books.

Grover's Prospects.

Members of the legal profession will be interested in learning about Grover Cleveland's prospects as an attorney, now that he has hung his shingle out in a new city. I have it from an intimate friend and brother lawyer, one who would not allow either his friendship or his professional pride to induce him to make a wrong statement, that Grover Cleveland's practice is not satisfactory even to the ex-President.

He has been identified with no important cases since locating here, he has not been appointed to look after, or act as trustees upon, the estates of any wealthy and patriotic Democrats; he has not been allowed to exhibit his legal learning and avail himself of his wide experience as an attorney since leaving Washington. He spends most of his time while at his office in the comfortable chair which he occupied while President, and which he brought with him from the White House when he broke up housekeeping in Washington. His callers are mostly personal and political friends, and not clients.

Mr. Cleveland has caught on the trick often practiced by public men. Instead of allowing himself to be interviewed he turns interviewer. He insists in doing all of the "asking questions" and none of the "answering." In case the conversation is brought upon a public question he immediately slips out of it by remarking, "I don't think I ought to be called upon to answer this question at this time, do you?" The average newspaper writer does not agree with him in his idea of the unfitness of things, but there is so much simplicity and honesty in the appeal made in the form of a question that ex-President Cleveland usually carries his point.

And even when he does venture an opinion upon public topics he closes it with the request that he would rather not be reported as saying anything about the matter at this time, which request reporters and correspondents are bound to honor.

He Interviewed the Blade.

One of the first questions that Grover Cleveland asked me when the formality of introduction had been gone through was: "How is Frank Hurd and how is he getting along?" Upon being told that Our Frank was all right, and some reference being made to the important cases that Mr. Hurd has been winning right along ever since he returned to Toledo, and that he had concluded not to try another race for Congress, and buckled down to work in his profession, Mr. Cleveland said, "I am glad to hear that. I regard Mr. Hurd as one of the greatest lawyers in the country. I am afraid that you folks did not always appreciate him. If he sticks to his work you will even yet be more proud of the fact that he is an Ohio man than you are at the present time."

Mr. Cleveland's next question was concerning politics in Ohio. He wanted to know all about the feeling and inquired whether Foraker would be re-nominated. Upon being told that it was pretty apparent at the present time that he would be if he would accept a re-nomination, Mr. Cleveland said nothing.

He wanted especially to know whether the Democrats were united, and remarked upon the fact of Congressman Campbell being a strong candidate and evidently popular, as the fact that he had been elected to Congress from a Republican district seemed to indicate.

He commented also upon young Allan Thurman's candidacy, and thought that the statement of Thurman, the junior, that Congressman Campbell ought not to be nominated, would not help him with the Democratic party or the Democratic convention.

Mr. Cleveland also spoke in glowing terms of ex-Postmaster General Dickinson, of Detroit, of his work in the Postoffice department, and of his position at the front of the bar of Michigan. It is evident that Dickinson is as popular with his chief as in the days of yore, and that if Cleveland can have his way in the next Democratic convention that Don M. Dickinson will have all the strength necessary to nominate him for vice president.

WALTER SCOTT.

—It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe that a fair and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles, have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep BEECHAM'S PILLS, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Prohibition in Johnstown.
Chicago Tribune.

Prohibition carried Johnstown, Pa., by a majority of three votes. The survivors did not seem to care much—water could do them no more harm.

They Will Outlive It.
Philadelphia Times.

Now is the time for graduates to remember that they have committed no real crime and that if they give society time it will forget them after a while.

The battles about Kenesaw mountain, Georgia, took place from June 9 to June 30, just a quarter century ago. The Kenesaw fights were one continuous battle. The Union losses were 8,670. Napoleon at Marengo lost only 4,000 of his men. In the records of history there have been no such losses as were sustained on both sides in the American civil war. At Waterloo Wellington lost 15 per cent of his forces. At Gettysburg the Northern army lost 28 per cent, at Antietam 29 per cent. In the bloody battles of the Wilderness the Army of the Potomac lost 31 per cent of its soldiers in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Predestination.

There is a never-dying hell,
And never-dying pains,
Where children will with demons dwell
In darkness, fire and chains.
Have faith the same in endless shame
For all the human race,
For hell is crammed with infants damned
Without a day of grace.
—*Good Old Hymn.*

An English detective, after a search of four months, has found (in Sydney) a piece of silverplate stolen from a London house and which he was instructed to recover at any cost. It is a rare specimen of chased silverware.

Now there is an item as is an item. The fact that the detective really found the plate is worth making a note of. If the plate had found the detective, nothing would have been said about it, whether it took four months or four minutes. But for the detective—ah, that's a different thing altogether and the only way to account for the detective's marvelous success, is in the fact that the stolen article was chased. If the detective had been chased he never would have been found.

Why Brice is a Democrat.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Calvin S. Brice enlisted in the United States army from Miami university, and left the army with the rank of captain. He had an excellent army record, and was a stanch Republican until he and his law partner (both being Republicans) flipped up a copper to see which should become a Democrat for the sake of law business. The flip was won by Cal and he gallantly coppers and leads the Democratic host.

Philological Information for the Curious.
N. Y. Evening Sun.

Will you kindly explain in the *Evening Sun* what chaunoneiopiopropacy means? And very much oblige A CONSTANT READER.
Syracuse, N. Y., June 17.

The word chaunoneiopiopropacy is a sort of portmanteau word, such as the Red Queen explained to Alice during her adventures behind the looking-glass. It has two sides, which fold up together into a symmetrical expression of solid truth.

For instance, Alice listened to the recitation of the stirring lyric entitled "Jabberwocky," and among other strange words she noticed that after the Jabberwock had been slain the beamish boy was said to come "galumphing" back. This word was explained to be a portmanteau word, made up of "galloping" and "triumphing," so as to express both ideas with no waste of terminations.

The Greek word chaunos means, as applied to minds, flaccid, spongy, empty, flabby; and as applied to men, frivolous, vain, conceited. The word nepiopropes (also Greek) means beseeming children, childish. So that the portmanteau word chaunoneiopropecy clearly means the mental quality of a childish, flabby, conceited, frivolous person, such as is now writing editorials for the *Evening Post* while the capable though alethokhalkourde Mr. "Larry" Godkin is visiting the graves of his illustrious ancestry at Cloughbawn.

Those Hateful Iconoclasts.

Can it be true, as stated in the Binghamton *Republican*, that the mule can seldom be induced to kick, and that no goat was ever known to taste a circus poster? Soon we shall be informed that plumbers' bills are reasonable and that the ice man gives his cooling chunks away.

Hot Enough For You?

He—What are the wild waves saying?
She—Oh they are probably basking some current remark.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Waste of Sweets.
Troy Times.

Certain newspapers are making war on the fashion which women have of kissing each other. They say it's wrong. Of course it is. It's a sheer waste of sweets. The fair ones should bestow all such favors on the other sex.

One of the most prominent residents of the pretty town of Birdseye Bush, Penn., is Col. Bush. The colonel would be a very happy man if it were not for the fact that every smart Aleck he meets gets off the proverb about a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush.

The Foraker tide is growing stronger ever day. It will land him in the Governor's chair again next fall.

Another Fling at Philadelphia.
Time.

"Yes," said an aged Philadelphia woman, to a youthful nephew from New York, "I shall soon go to a brighter and better place than this."

"Oh," replied the little fellow, "when are you going to move to New York, aunty?"

No Further Use for the Press.
Boston Herald.

One of the graduating class at Vassar pitched into the newspapers in her parting essay. Since the new kind of bustles came in the press appears to have lost some of its early popularity with the sex.

It is No Place for Boys.
Utica Herald.

Hereafter no American boy of the proper spirit will be born in New York if he can help it The sale and use of firecrackers is to be prohibited on Manhattan Island after this year.

EMERSON says "Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy." And Emerson is dead right, too. To a young woman on a street car, for instance, life is pretty short, after she has spent a whole afternoon trying to match a crushed strawberry silk. But she should fix this aphorism of Emerson's strongly in her mind, and never forget to say "thank you" to the man who gives her his seat. He may be, who knows, a millionaire bachelor, whose hitherto untouched heart may be so attracted by this unusual display of courtesy that he will never rest until he has made the thoughtful young woman his happy bride. Emerson probably had this in mind when he penned these glowing words.

The people of Pennsylvania are in a bad way with dams above and mines below. They should move to Northwestern Ohio—that is to say to Toledo, where there are neither dams nor mines.

Now that Editor Whitelaw Reid is filling himself with glory—and *vin ordinaire*—by representing this great and glorious country in Paris, the wicked young men whom he left in charge of his once truly good newspaper (founded by Horace Greeley) are indulging in this sort of thing:

During the recent flood in Washington, a spike-tailed dude remarked to some young ladies on whom he was calling that the water was up to the horses' "waists." He is the sort of a man who, when out driving, would ask a pedestrian to adjust the horse's "waistband."

A fashion item says that "Flowers seem to have been thrown on some of the hats which have recently arrived from Paris. They are held in place by a covering of gauze." We are willing to depart from the usual rule of life and wager a few sequins that gauze wouldn't hold in place the money it takes to corral these self-same hats.

Ohio for Revenue Only.

The New York *World* sarcastically says:

Calvin S. Brice told a Cincinnati reporter the other day that he regarded Lima, O., as his home. He said that he loved Ohio. And yet Mr. Brice lives in New York and his place of business is Wall street. For Senatorial purposes it is, perhaps, well enough for Mr. Brice to love Ohio.

Speaking of the late Laura Bridgman a writer in the *Epoch* says: "She was fond of reading the Bible and also the dictionary. The latter she would peruse by the hour—and herein she showed her wisdom, since the exact meaning of words and the correct use of synonyms certainly present very great difficulties to a person in her condition. With orthography she had no difficulty, and would correct any one who mispelled a word. Fairy stories she did not care for—she said they were not true. She was fond of fun, and never outgrew her love of innocent frolic."

A philosopher on the staff of the New York *Herald* has discovered that the best dressed woman, the woman with a baby and the old woman are tendered a seat in the crowded street car in the order mentioned.

The Chicago *Times* has its little fling at Pittsburg in this harmless looking paragraph: "You would be surprised to see how well a leading citizen of Pittsburg looks in the old suit of clothes you sent to the Johnstown sufferers.

Here is a little newspaper waif that will be read with thrilling interest:

Hammocks designed this season have a fringe along each edge, which prevents the outline of the figure from being seen with distinctness.

Talk about filling a long felt want! Why, man, whole neighborhoods have been panting for years for just such a hammock as this. The angular old maid will look as poetic now as the plumpest damsel, and a fat man will present as graceful an appearance as the slimmest dude.

A New York Way.

A New York society writer is responsible for the following: "Jollity is going to be increased at the home entertainments of the wealthy, if a Vanderbilt example is to be followed. Not long ago Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt received the Thursday Evening club at her mansion. It was a large and fine gathering, and the things done for amusement included dancing and some brief performances by professional and amateur musicians. But the absolutely new feature was in the way the champagne was served out. A table was set in a spacious alcove under the grand staircase, and on it stood open pitchers of the wine. There was no popping of corks nor a sight of bottles at all, and all the sparkling foam had died away from the surface of the beverage. If that had been done by you or I the company would have said that we had spoiled the champagne, but nobody questioned the stylishness of a thing that Vanderbilts do, and so the guests drank their wine without froth, satisfied that it was palatable. It is an imported English custom, I am told, and if it prevails during the summer increased hilarity will ensue, because it looks secmlier to drink a whole thimblerful of uneffervescent fluid from a pitcher than to be equally free with the still foaming output of a champagne bottle."

Now may the angels and ministers of grace defend us. Boulanger is said to be tired of London, and contemplating a visit to this country. What will the overworked reporters do then, poor things. Take to the woods probably.

In 1881 there were only two Christian Endeavor societies in existence, having a membership of 68. Now there are 6,500 societies with a membership of 400,000; and societies are being organized at the rate of 100 a week. The international convention of the societies, which is to be held in Philadelphia July 9, 10 and 11, promises to be the largest and most enthusiastic convention ever held, and the largest delegate convention of any kind every held in this country.

The editor of the Norristown *Herald* is trying very hard to make people believe that he is editing his paper just for fun and not because he has to earn a precarious living as a "journalist." This item in a recent issue of the *Herald* shows to what depths he is able to descend:

"While traveling on a Western trip Jay Gould once drew up a check for several millions on the back of an envelope." This drawing checks for several millions on the back of an envelope, while traveling, is not business-like. We never do it.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says that "Explorer Stanley is about to take a step downward. It is announced that he will lecture in England, Australia and America."

This idea of trying to be witty at the expense of a lecturer is pretty far-fetched. Stanley has done a good work, and if he returns and will consent to go upon the platform and tell us of some of the wonderful things he has accomplished, even the would-be humorist of the Atlanta *Constitution* might learn something he does not now know.

THE MOON AND THE BOTTLE.

Curious Circumstances that Induced a Man to Swear Off Drinking.

Among the favorite resorts of the anglers hereabouts is Greenwood lake. This beautiful sheet of water lies partly in New York and partly in New Jersey, and it attracts daily during the season the famous anglers of this section of the country. Coming down on the train the other day a Newark man told me a curious story, which shows that even liquor may be blamed for things of which it is not guilty.

"It is now several years ago," said my acquaintance, "since I have touched a drop of liquor, and I have not the remotest idea of ever touching it again. I am not a prohibitionist, and my abstinence is due to some rather peculiar circumstances. I was spending a week at the lake, stopping at the club house of the Greenwood Lake association. The weather was miserable, as it rained most of the time. Finally we had a bright day, but the fish did not bite well. Sitting on the portico of the club house that evening I was watching the fleeting clouds and the unusually bright moon, which appeared to be about first quarter. My guide was lounging near me and I was anxious for sport. I called to him to get ready and started across the lake.

"I cast for awhile, but as the bass did not rise I took to trolling. I never had livelier sport and I whiled away a couple of hours in the most intense enjoyment, such as only an enthusiastic angler can have. I could not let out 20 feet of line without catching a bronzeback. I considered this rather curious, but was thunderstruck when I looked up to the moon and found it in the glory of fullness. Was I dreaming? The moon certainly was at first quarter about two hours ago and the fish were not biting at all. Nobody has ever yet explained the vagaries of the bass, and so I thought little of this.

"But the moon perplexed me. Naturally I blamed it on the bottle. I had purchased a quantity of very fine old whisky, and had a bottle of it with me. The fish lost all their interest in me, and my guide wondered why I sat there musing. The more I thought of it the more was I worried. Finally, I handed my guide the bottle and asked him to imbibe. I have never in my life met a guide, no matter how limited his knowledge of the habitat of fish, who was not a good judge of whisky. The guide took a hearty pull and smacked his lips; then he declared that it was the finest whisky he had ever drunk. I called his attention to the moon, and he remarked that he had noticed it late on the previous evening and spoken of its brightness. He said that the moon had reached its full on the previous night. I concluded that something similar had happened to me about twenty-four hours later.

"I was all broke up and returned to the club house. I went to bed without saying a word to anybody, wondering what vagaries my mind would conjure up next. Every few minutes I looked out of the window, but the moon remained exasperatingly full. I did not dare to say a word to anybody for fear of being put into a straight-jacket, but I solemnly declared that never would I touch another drop. I went home by the morning train considerably worried. When I arrived in the city I bought a paper in order to divert my mind from the moon, which I was continually seeing before me in all stages of fullness and emptiness. The first thing my eyes encountered were the headlines, 'Last Night's Eclipse of the Moon—Valuable Astronomical Observations.'

"The people on the ferryboat probably wondered why I looked so happy, but to this day I have kept the vow I made on the previous night."—*New York Herald.*

Danger of Drinking Ice-Water.

Water for drinking purposes should never be below 50 degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run for a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any county well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey," which can now be had almost any where in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that, if ice-water should be generally discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.—*North American Review.*

GEN. GRANT'S NECK.

Senator Paddock Says It Used to Grow Long or Short as Occasion Demanded.

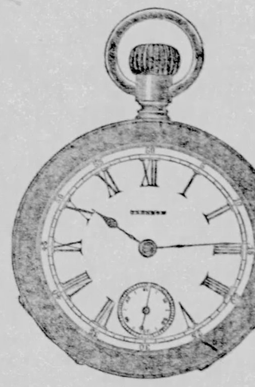
One of President Harrison's most enthusiastic and faithful admirers is Senator Paddock, of Nebraska. He has known the President personally for many years, and, having a wide experience in public life, is able to compare him with a high degree of intelligence with other men who have occupied the first political position of the land.

"President Harrison reminds me very much of President Grant in one respect," said Senator Paddock to your correspondent a few days ago, "and this respect is his refusal to gush and make promises. It is true that President Grant would promise an intimate friend that he would make an appointment, or would tell him that he could not give him a position, but he always did this on the spur of action, at a time when it was too late for him to run any risk of breaking his word.

"I remember a call I made upon General Grant during his last term in the White House," continued Senator Paddock, "and with me was my colleague, when a fair example was given of the President's peculiar traits of character. We wanted very much to have one of our constituents appointed, and we persisted, with the greatest fervor, to urge the good qualities of our man. While we talked for half an hour or more about the fitness of the candidate presented and the political advantages which would accrue from his appointment Gen. Grant sat down into his chair and pulled his neck into his chest like a turtle. He never said a word, but drank in every syllable and read every expression on our faces. Finally we tried to get from him some kind of an utterance which would show what he thought of our case; but the greatest possible effort was or no avail. We concluded that it would be best to change our tactics; so we began to talk about the seige of Vicksburg. My colleague knew all about that contest, and had often met Gen. Grant on the field when every man's life was carried in his hand. Before half a dozen sentences were spoken about the fight before Vicksburg, Gen. Grant's neck began to grow. It just crawled right out of his chest like the neck of a giraffe. His eyes brightened, and in less than thirty seconds his tongue was wagging at both ends. He grew eloquent, and I never was more charmed in my life with war narratives. Our conversation ran along in this vein for about a half hour, when finally my colleague and I concluded that we would come back to the object of our visit and see if we could not, with the cockle burs of the President warm, get some kind of a promise about the appointment we sought. Gen. Grant anticipated us, and before our words told him that we were going to resume our conversation about politics, he was sitting low down on the small of his back again, and his neck was dropped out of sight."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with the BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with the BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

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Toledo, Ohio.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

BENEFIT OF SUMMER OUTINGS.

Different Needs as to Rest and Recreation—Something About Chautauqua And What it Offers the People.

ONE of the social changes—if so we may term it—which is very marked in these later years, is the custom of summer journeyings, a trip to the mountains, to the seashore, a visit, some variety that is expected to bring rest and pleasure, or both. Perhaps it is only in these times that such a thing has become a necessity, for a quarter or half century ago people did not rush through life at railroad speed, as now; the wear and tear did not seem so great, nor the demand for change so aggressive. Yet monotony is sometimes as severe a tax upon vitality as the most energetic action, and I have thought, in some cases, even more so.

Take life upon the farm for instance, where, year in and year out, the same round of duties unceasingly follow each other, with only the variation that an occasional trip to the nearest market town brings. It is worse for his wife and daughters than for the farmer himself, for theirs is work in narrow limits, while his is out in the green fields, in the golden sunshine, under the blue sky, amid growing vegetation which is changing every day, and sometimes it seems, almost every hour in the day. This brings a relief which does not come to indoor duties.

The conviction that a summer outing is a sanitary measure for both mind and body is growing more and more general. Setting aside any physical necessity, there can be no question but that new currents of thought, produced by new places, new scenes, new people, add greatly to the happiness and to the powers of usefulness in the world. Returning from such a change, added vigor is brought to the business or work, be it mental or manual; greater enthusiasm is infused into its doing, and a fresh impetus is imparted, all of which soon show themselves in results. When there is no variation, men and women come to be like machines, going on day after day doing reasonably well perhaps; but there is something absent from the outcome, a something, the loss of which is only markedly felt when it absence has been supplied.

Rest and recreation are indeed most excellent things when it is possible to take them, and it is usually possible to do what we determinately set our wills at work to accomplish. For some rest alone is the desirable thing; for others recreation. Yet what is rest for one may be recreation for his neighbor. If is the variety that is wanted; inaction where has been excessive action; new things to see and think about where the old have become stale. Not all recognize this craving to be up and away as only another expression of one of ever-varying Nature's laws. It is by no means always discontent with existing conditions, but simply another form of growth by the accretion of new experiences.

The kind of vacation one should take is sometimes a difficult thing to settle. The trouble often lies in the swarming tendency to which Americans seem predisposed. This takes those to the seashore who love the mountains, or away up in the rarefied atmosphere of the heights, when they long for the ceaseless wash and play of the waves upon the shining sands. It crowds these into the glitter and glare of gay hotel life who need quiet and repose, or sends them rushing off over land and sea, anywhere and everywhere with the multitude.

Quiet and repose, however, are not always what is needed for a vacation. Sometimes it is life and stir, and action that is wanted, whatever will shake the brain out of the deadening influences of monotony. Brain workers want that which exacts only physical effort, or perhaps no effort at all. Others again, and there are many, who find their pleasure and renewal of energy in some intellectual pursuit without the usual routine of their everyday lives.

And this brings me back to the thought which provoked what I have been saying, that is, to Chautauqua and its advantages for a summer outing The enthusiasm of the thousands upon thousands who go there for mental and physical refreshment, about its opportunities for literary culture while almost living out-of-doors, within sight of shining, rippling waters, under the shadow of grand old forest trees, which nod and whisper to each other over what is passing below, render its summer gatherings of greater interest every year.

Most of THE BLADE readers will remember the pleasant letters from Chautauqua published last year, written by Miss Lydia Strawn, of Ottawa, Ill., and the following from her pen will be welcome, giving as it does

SOME PRACTICAL POINTS ABOUT A CHAUTAUQUA TRIP.

Chautauqua itself doubtless, needs no introduction to the readers of the Toledo BLADE. Aside from the fact that among its 100,000 subscribers there are probably many hundreds of men and women belonging to the C. L. S. C., I have not forgotten that last year Miss Bouton told us in a very attractive way about the Chautauqua plan and its workings. Those who have read the announcements of the assembly for next August will not need to be reminded of the famous names on the programme, or of the fact that these men and women will give their finest thoughts to the audiences which daily gather to hear them. Nor can one who has ever seen a festal night at Chautauqua forget its fairy beauty, or cease to long to see it again.

Possibly, however, to many who know all about the programme and its attractions, and who would be delightfully at home at Chautauqua, the question of the expense of a trip is an interesting one. May one who has visited Chautauqua during several seasons, who knows it thoroughly, who loves its walks and groves as she does the grounds around her own home, give intending visitors some points on such a trip? The points, however, are not for the wealthy few who will go to the Hotel Athenaeum or a select boarding house, there to completely drop all care as to the question of meals. They are for ambitious teachers who wish to enjoy the rare educational privileges of Chautauqua during July and August, without drawing too largely on their salaries; for tired mothers who need the pure, invigorating physical and mental air of Chautauqua to renew them in body and mind, but who do not have very large bank accounts; for thoughtful girls who crave an intellectual outing, but who must count the cost closely.

The first item in a Chautauqua trip is, of course, the fare. Happily railroads are kind to Chautauqua visitors, and the round trip ticket need not heavily drain even a modest purse. From the writer's nearest starting point to Chautauqua, and the one with which she is most familiar, Chicago, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern will on July 4, 5 and 6, and on August 5, 6, and 7, sell round trip tickets to Chautauqua for $14. The C. L. S. C.'s of Toledo and Cleveland will doubtless be able to obtain their round trips for very much less as they are many miles nearer Chautauqua.

Palace sleeping cars are luxuries, but not necessities to people who are in good health and not travel worn, and they may be counted in or out of the list of expenses as the inclination or the purse of the excursionist may dictate. For the one or two meals which it may be necessary to partake of on the road, it is entirely optional with the tourist whether she pays 50 or 75 cents each for an elaborate meal at the regular railroad hotel, whether she rushes up to the lunch stand and expends 25 or 30 cents in a very unsatisfactory lunch, or whether she unrolls the snowy napkins around her own delicate, wholesome, toothsome home lunch and leisurely breakfasts or dines while she rolls on to her destination. The choice of the meal is as we have said, optional, but the price is not. $1 or $1 50 for the two elaborate meals, 60 cents for the counter lunches 50 for the dainty home ones for the Chicago tourist; half these sums for the travelcier from Toledo.

The Chautauqua gate admission is as fixed as the law of the Medes and Persians, but, unlike that law its very inflexibility proves its wisdom and its true republicanism. Chautauqua can not be supported without an income and no observant visitor will deny that an institution so great and far reaching needs an ample income. The great buildings, the beautiful grounds, the splendor of illuminated city and fleet on the great nights. The presence and the thoughts of the most eloquent men and women in America on its platform. The voices of the sweet singers, the notes of the accomplished musicians, all mean that this vast and beautiful system of entertainment for two months cannot be maintained without money. As all the intellectual privileges of Chautauqua, outside of the university, the teachers' retreat, and the school of the English bible, are absolutely free to every visitor who has properly passed the gates, and as no man or woman is ever approached or button-holed on the subject of a contribution, since no collections are ever taken at Chautauqua, it follows that there must be an entrance fee at the gates. This fee puts every visitor to Chautauqua on the same footing. The man with a million enters in just the same way that the modest mechanic enters, and each sits in the great amphitheater congratulating himself that while he is listening to the finest talent in the United States at an extremely low price, he has paid all that was asked for it.

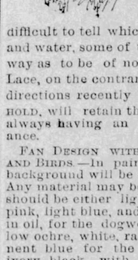
Prepare, then, to meet the gate admission as follows: In July a day ticket is 25 cents, a week ticket is $1, a month ticket is $2 50; in August a day ticket is 40 cents, a week ticket is $2, a month ticket is $3; a full season ticket is $5. Having entered, the tourist finds that her land only trouble is the question, how shall I live while I am here?

She may board at the hotel Atheneum paying the usual price of a first class hotel, or at any of the numerous excellent boarding houses, or she may, if happily accompanied by a lady friend, rent a furnished room and take care of herself.

Plain but comfortable furnished rooms with cooking privileges attached can be procured for $10, $12 and $15 for the season. Cooking privileges mean the use of stove, fuel, dishes and table linen. Chautauqua groceries, the market and milk stand supply, the other accompaniments to a good meal, wholesome bread, meats, fresh fruit, vegetables, excellent cream, etc. The hotel or boarding-house method relieves one of all care or responsibility as to the demand of the appetite, but the home method is vastly easier on a sleuder purse and good-natured people can extract a great deal of fun out of it.

Parties of ladies may by combining rent a cottage, hire a girl, and see and enjoy Chautauqua thoroughly from the shadow of their own "vine and fig tree."

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.



SOME one who is in trouble over window curtains desires to know what is the most economical thing to use for good ones that will last. In our opinion, lace is, altogether. There are figured goods that are very pretty, but it is difficult to tell which will stand sunlight and water, some of them fading in such a way as to be of no use in a short time. Lace, on the contrary, if laundried by the directions recently given in the HOUSEHOLD, will retain their beauty for years, always having an airy, inviting appearance.

FAN DESIGN WITH DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS AND BIRDS.—In painting this design, the background will be most effective if light. Any material may be selected; the colors should be either light yellow, light green, pink, light blue, and light red. To paint in oil, for the dogwood blossoms use yellow ochre, white, raw umber and permanent blue for the general tone, adding ivory black, with a little light red in shading. The deep reddish notches in the edges of each leaf are painted with madder lake, raw umber, white and burnt sienna, with a little ivory black. The green leaves are painted with Antwerp blue, cadmium, white, vermillion, and ivory black, adding burnt sienna in the shadows. Paint the branches with raw umber, ivory black, burnt sienna and white. The little birds have brown wings with reddish shadows and soft, yellowish gray breasts Paint the breasts with raw umber, light red, yellow ochre, ivory black and white. The brown wings are painted with bone brown, yellow ochre, ivory black and white, adding blue in the cooler tones. Put the eyes in with sharp accents of burnt senna and black and brilliant lights made with cadmium white, burnt senna and a mere touch of black. The brushes used are flat bristle for laying in, and fine flat pointed sables Nos. 6 and 9.—DE VERE TERO, Jefferson, Ia.

WINDOW CURTAINS.—Some one asked about window curtains. Let me tell you of some which are easily made.

Painted lath fastened together with either elastic rubber or wire from an old broom make pretty inside shutters. Bobinet, such as is used for ties, aprons, tidies, etc., covered with cheese cloth makes a handsome white curtain. Paper cambric makes a good shade for up stairs or a bedroom. It looks nearly as well as the shades you buy and costs about eight cents per yard. It is about the right width, but if too wide can be trimmed. Get the length required for your window. Hem at the bottom and insert a lath in the hem. Hang with rolls, and you have a pretty shade for about fifteen cents.

Large flowered calico curtains lined with red canton flannel look rich; also those made from Lonsdale cambric on which is a wide hem stitched. All of these curtains mentioned you will find nice and inexpensive.—MRS. JENNIE RAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; k bl t o, over s1, slip 1, nit, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

ANTIQUE LACE.—Cast on 17 stitches; knit across plain. First row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o t—n—o t—n—o t—n. Second row—s 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 6—p 1—k 2. Third row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 9. Fourth row—s 3—k 6—p 1—k 6—p 1—k 2. Fifth row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—o t—n—o t—n—o t—n. Sixth row—s 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 6—p 1—k 2. Seventh row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 9. Eighth row—c o 3—k 6—p 1—k 6—p 1—k 2. Ninth row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—o t—n—o t—n. Tenth row—s 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 6—p 1—k 2. Eleventh row—s 1—k 1—o—n—2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 9. Twelfth row—c o 3—k 6—p 1—k 6—p 1—k 2. Repeat from first row.

CROCHETED CAPE.—Directions for crocheting cape for old lady. D c means double crochet; c, chain. Crochet a chain of 100, or long enough to go around the neck. First row—d c—c 4—d c—c 2—d c—repeat. Second row—d c 7—c 2 Third row—d c 9—c 2. Fourth, fifth and sixth rows—d c 11—c 2. Seventh, eighth and ninth rows—d c 13—c 2. In every third round increase 2 when the cape is down to the waist you will have d c 30 in each point. When the cape is long enough, put two rows of scallops all around. Around the neck and through the open places down the cape ribbon is run through. The cape may be made either of Saxony or Germantown knitting yarn. Three skeins of Saxony will crochet the cape. Eight yards of narrow ribbon is used. There will be eleven points at the bottom of cape, so arrange at the neck to make that many.—A READER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LITTLE ONES.—It has been several years since I have written to THE BLADE, but I have been an interested reader all the same. My subscription expired some time ago, and I neglected to renew immediately, so I have not had the recent papers, consequently do not know what subject is under discussion at present; but will write a few lines on the one most interesting to me—the little ones. I do not like to put stiff leather shoes on baby's tender feet. I make my children's first shoes and have a pair of pretty buttoned boots partly made for my ten months' old baby girl. I like them better than crocheted socks or slippers, they stay on so much better. I got the pattern from *Peterson's Magazine* some yearsago, and I think it the best pattern of the kind I ever saw. It buttons snugly about the ankle and has a very neat effect. May be embroidered or made plain, as fancy dictates. I will willingly send the pattern to any one who wishes it. Send address and stamp for return postage, and I will answer all letters immediately.

My little boy has been subject to croup always, and I have found a plaster made of lard and tobacco, stewed together, spread upon brown paper, applied to the throat and chest, covering with hot flannel, to afford quick relief. I always kept papers cut to fit the neck and put with flannel cloths and the box of ointment in a convenient place, and when awakened in the night by that hoarse, barking cough, I would get the plaster on his chest and well up about the throat and give a teaspoonful of burnt alum pulverized mixed with an equal quantity of white sugar, which I also kept by me, and little fellow would soon be breathing easily. I never had to call a physician, though he had the croup many times. These may not be new remedies, but they have been so valuable to me that I want other mothers to know about them.—MRS. DORA FISHER, 789 Gallagher street, East Saginaw, Mich.

HOMELY HINTS.—Those of you who can get, or have, material for pretty fancy work need not read this, as it is meant only for those who are unable to get pretty things for their homes. I trust that they may brighten up the home of some distant claim holder. The lady who gave such good directions for making screens did a good deal, and I want to add a little to them. Should anyone not be possessed of material to cover a screen it can be covered with brown wrapping paper, or even newspapers, pasted on. They can be prettily decorated with fruit and pictures neatly cut out and pasted on. Pressed leaves, flowers and ferns arranged in wreaths, crosses, etc., are very pretty.

I once saw one covered with common black calico. One panel had pictures cut from fruit cans, arranged in a tall dish, cut out of yellow wrapping paper. On the other two were paper flower pots filled with vines of pressed leaves. It was very pretty. In lieu of gilt-headed nails, little round pieces of yellow paper were pasted over the tacks. The same home had a square screen decorated with the wings and tails of game and wild duck, upon a back-ground of red cloth. She also had several fruit pictures formed from the pictures taken from canes, and arranged with care upon wrapping paper and framed in cane frames.

One of the prettiest basket fancies ever saw was made as follows: Get an ox horn, boil it a couple of hours and scrape off all the colored outside with window glass. Then scrape off in fine white shavings until you have a lot of it. Make baskets, etc., of pasteboard and sew on the shavings. Fill with pressed ferns flowers, etc. They are pure white and are called fairy baskets. The horns, when smoothed can be used for vases, and may be decorated any way one wishes.

The old-fashioned rag baskets were pretty, and were made by fringing out both edges of half inch wide strips of old muslin, twisting and fastening around a covered top hoop to form hanging baskets. Some are very large and elaborate, and are pretty enough for almost any place. Lambrequins can be made of burlap fringed, and the threads drawn out in inch wide rows above. Run in strips of bright cloth so as to form squares. These must be seen to be appreciated. They may be worked cross-stitch with coarse wool. Rugs are made in the same way. The burlap can be dyed any dark color. One of the handsomest rugs I ever saw was made of black burlap worked with colored wools.

If you have white curtains, a pretty way to finish the top is to take one-eighth inch strip of dark or white cloth, line with stiff paper, and paste or sew pressed leaves or ferns to it. Tack this above the curtains. Lambrequin fasteners can be made in the same way. Tidies can be made of a square of gay patchwork, (cotton or wool) bound around the edges. Brackets can be draped with festoons of cones strung upon heavy thread. A pretty ornament is formed by taking a bunch of ripe grain as large around as your wrist and as long as you wish. Tie it close and fling just below the heads, then divide into three parts and tie each separately near the bottom. Then take a piece of pasteboard cut three cornered and lay straw on it so as to cover it evenly and paste or sew into place. Cut three bunches of straws three inches longer than the sides of the pasteboard and bend the straws apart to form a tripod and tie together, leaving the ends of the short ones to cross; fasten well and run the pasteboard into place. It forms a shelf. Small ones are for card baskets and large ones can have a basket made out of pasteboard covered with straws (or an old hat can be used) and they will serve for a work stand. Cattails are very pretty for this.

Wall pockets in all shapes can be made of pasteboard covered with straws and trimmed with few grain heads. You may not look with scorn upon the old fashioned straw air castles. They were made by stringing four two-inch straws on a thread and tying to form a square; two more were threaded on and tied to the opposite corner; two more were strung from the other two corners; the same was done to the other side. When done it formed a two-inch cube. Little end bits of cloth were pasted to the corners. Two of this size were made and one four-inch one, the little ones being sewed to the corners of the larger. Five of these were made and in turn sewed to an eight-inch one. They were indeed "air castles," and as frail as most such day dreams.

An energetic claim-holder papered her front room with plain newspapers and put on an eighteen-inch border of yellow wrapping paper. This border was decorated with red and green pressed leaves, put on in festoons. At a glance one took it for real bordering, for it was done so evenly. The green leaves were mostly large ferns. A few thrifty plants grew in her windows in tin cans. Some were covered with paper, some with gay calico and some with yellow sand, with a border, top and bottom, of watermelon seed. Her hanging basket was first coated with stiff paste and then sand, seed, etc., put in to form flowers. Three crooked sticks curled at the ends, painted, and an old straw hat formed a work basket.

I guess I will tell you about her chairs. The seats were cut from a thick board. Holes were bored and smooth willows were used for legs. Three-quarter inch holes were bored around the edges of the sides and back, and willows bent and put into the holes. They lapped half way past each other and were fastened in place by wire. Some were painted red and some brown. They were quite comfortable and stout. The rocking chair had a high back and arms, and was cushioned. She used a piece of mosquito netting for a seive and a bottle for a rolling-pin, but nevertheless the house was clean and even pretty, and her cooking good. She was proud of her husband were happy in the thought that they owned a home and a little stock, and were out of debt. They took several papers, had a shelf of books, and a banjo, for company, and well might many a rich man envy them their lot.—MONTANA MAY.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—Many of the great and noble deeds of life are attended with noise and clamors, but the greatest and most lasting changes in both man and nature are accomplished in comparative silence. Men who have led retired lives have produced great works, which secured wide influence in the world. Bunyan, when imprisoned, wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton, when blind and alone, produced the greatest epic in English literature. Men dying leave influence behind them. The disastrous influence of Mahomet continues to be felt in the east. Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of christendom. Shakespeare is translated into every tongue. Friends are not usually affected so much by any sudden and extreme changes in each other as by steady, silent influence.

Home influence is among the strongest and most enduring, yet silently exerted. It has been truthfully said that our duties are like the circles of a whirlpool, and the innermost includes home. Each well regulated home may be compared to a central sun round which revolves a happy band of warm, loving hearts. A lighted lamp is a very little thing, yet it burns quietly, furnishing light to all within the house. And so there is a quiet influence, which, like the flames of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

How many are the ways diversified are the silent agencies of nature. The coral builder dies, but the reef it forms breaks the surge on the shore of a great continent, or forms an island in mid-ocean. In one night the tiny snow flakes silently robe the earth in spotless purity. The icy chains of winter are severed by the soft zephyrs of spring, while the green foliage of summer merges gradually into the brighter-hued tints of autumn. Among the most celebrated structures of antiquity was the temple built by King Solomon at Jerusalem, yet the sacred historian says it was without the sound of axe or hammer, or any tool of iron. As the materials composing the temple were in this wonderful manner prepared and fitted together, so man by his silent yet potent influence is made ready for that heavenly tempie.—MRS. WILL R. BUTLER, Anamosa, Iowa.

INQUIRIES.

Will the editor or some one among the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me if they know of any book or manual containing easy and convenient instructions for marking the selling price on different kinds of dry goods and notions?

Will Jennie C tell through THE HOUSEHOLD how she extracted three table spoonfulls of oil from a half teacupful of hickory nut kernels?—MRS. E. A. W.

Will some one please tell me through THE HOUSEAOLD some way to permanently darken the hair?—A READER.

I would be very thankful if any of the sisters will send me worsted pieces five inches square with their name and address on it, as I am going to make a quilt and would like as many pieces from THE BLADE readers as I can get.—MRS. N. R. BOND, Smithton, Doddridge county, W. Va,

Would like to know how to clean a grey and black silk dress which got wet in a rain and made it look brown spotted. Tried washing, but to no good.—A. L.

Will some one send me a recipe for making macaroni tarts? I have looked through all the cookery books and cannot find any, and should feel greatly obliged if some one will answer through THE BLADE.—MRS. G. R. A.

Will some please send at once a pattern for a man's cap? I would the style such as conductors and brakemen wear. I will return postage. Send to AUNT ANNIE, box 39, Syracuse, Hamilton county, Kansas.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE send me a few slips of house plants, cactus and begonias and lilies and others?—MARY SHAFER, Mango, Ind.

If any of the readers of THE BLADE have the poem "The Two Glasses," will they please send it to my address? Will pay postage.—J. C. BARTELSON, Rockville, Neb.

Will some one give a recipe for making sweet crackers?—A READER.

I desire to make an album of postal cards and would be pleased to receive a postal with verse and name and address thereon from all readers of THE BLADE.—ANNIE B. REYBROCK, Philadelphia, East Tennessee.

I wish some members that live in San Francisco, Cal., would send me their addresses. I would like to correspond for a purpose. I will pay all postage.—Address Box 58, Canastota, Dak.

I would like to correspond with some of the young people of THE BLADE. I will be pleased to hear from any one, but especially from those living in Florida, Michigan and West Virginia.—ANNA L. TUFT, Rosiere, Jefferson county, N. Y.

I will be much pleased if any of the lady readers will tell me where I can get a young parrot that will learn to talk.—MRS. C. C. JOHNSON.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Tell "ANNA" to try rooting her oleanders this way: Take a large-mouthed bottle; fill half full of milk-warm water; take some bees wax and make a cover for the mouth of the bottle, leaving a small hole in the center, through which put the stem of the slip of oleander. Hang in the window where the morning sun will shine on it part of the forenoon and replenish with cool water every day, and soon the tiny roots will appear. Wait until there are an abundance of roots formed, then treat as any other plant. This has been my mode and I never saw it fail. Once had a neighbor who could root them without the beeswax, but I could not.—GREALIE, Thelix, Ore.

E. H.: Give your cow beans, cooked as you would for the table. I heard an old farmer say he cured his cow by twice feeding just a few that were left from dinner. Also that a feather dipped in coal oil and stuck in the hill with cucumber seed when planting, prevented bugs from ever bothering them.—NAOMI

If Brier Rose will wash her ribon in gasoline she will be pleased with the result. This will also clean kid gloves nicely. Do not use near the fire as it is explosive.—MICHIGAN BERTHA.

Sardie, the Temperance Legion is a society of young folks who have pledged themselves to be temperate themselves, and to use their influence for Temperance wherever they are. It is a BLADE institution entirely and all that you have to do is to send your name and address to THE BLADE, when it will appear in the list.

Rana Van Orsdol, Winfield, Iowa. Women's exchanges are found in almost all cities. There is one in St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Albany, and other places. Write to "Woman's Exchange." If any of the cities, and you will probably get an answer telling on terms. To become a contributor, a fee of either $1 or $2 a year is demanded. Then whatever your articles are sold for, you receive after 10 per cent has been deducted. They will tell you if you ask what kinds of articles sell the most readying.

Roses (or other flowers) are prepared for rose jars by gathering the petals when the dew is not on them and placing them in a jar or bottle with a little dry salt sprinkled in, to prevent them from souring. If they are intended to fill cushions, place them in thin layers in boxes to dry. A pretty rose cushion is made of cream satin or satine, sewed into a large square cushion edged with lace and having a spray of roses painted or embroidered upon it.—MONTANA MAY.

"Pink's wife," your chickens have got the roup. Roup is brought on by the chickens roosting in a draught, or a sudden change of weather. When simply a cold it is easily handled. Remove the sick fowl, give it a room of an even temperature; bathe the nostril with kereosene; put half a teaspoonful down the throat once a day till better. If the disease is far advanced, as to fill the nostril, inject carbolic acid water—one drop of carbolic acid in a teaspoonful of water. Give the fowl a pill made of equal parts of cayenne pepper, cornmeal and lard, as large as a lady's thumb, twice a day.—POULTRY RAISER.

RECIPES.

TO CLEAN SILKS IN ORDER TO MAKE THEM OVER.—First, take a clean, bright pan, put in it about 2 qts. of cold water, and into the water drop as many old kid gloves as can be produced; three or four are sufficient, however. Let this come to a decided boil, and let it boil until the gloves have first shrunken to the size of a boy's hand and then softened into a pulp. Strain this; add a little more water, and to each pint ammonia—about a teaspoonful. Put in the silk, piece by piece; wash thoroughly, then rinse in a clear water, in which you have put some borax and spirits of camphor. Use light gloves only for light silks, and any color when you are freshening a black one. This process was given to the writer as one a "great secret," which therefore she proclaims forthwith. It is said the *modus operandi* is a far better one than the use of coffee extract, to which the pressing fron adheres. Another way is to use soap bark, putting in a handful to a gallon of water, then dipping the silk up and down in it, but never wringing or squeezing it. Hang by the edge along the line and let drain off until it is dry enough to press. Lay a cloth over it and iron upon that.

Boiled Apples—Take an 8-quart stew kettle full of nice juicy sweet apples, put about 2 quts. of water on them and a large teacupful of sugar, and boil them till you can put a fork through them, then take them out and let the juice boil down to a syrup and pour over them.—MRS. P. O.

CREAM BISCUIT.—One cupful of good cream, 2 cupfuls of buttermilk, 1 teaspoonful soda; mix soft.

STEAM PUDDING.—One cupful molasses, 1 cupful sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, ½ as much salt, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of currants, 3 cups flour; steam two hours.—MRS. H. J. A., Adrian, Mich.

The editor is obliged to refuse to forward any enclosures when no postage is enclosed for the purpose. Doubtless our correspondent forgot it, but she can readily see that if we did so, it would soon become a burden.—ED.

STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS.—Put 1 pint of sifted flour into a bowl, rub into it 2 ozs. of butter, add a teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and sufficient milk to moisten, about 1 gill, mix quickly, take out on a board and roll out into a sheet a ½ of an inch in thickness, cut into cakes with a round biscuit cutter, put about 3 strawberries in each cake, fold them over neatly and steam about 20 minutes. While they are steaming make the

STRAWBERRY TARTS.—Roll out the paste into a thin sheet, then, with a round tin cutter, cut into cakes. Select a small cutter and cut out the centres of two in every three round cakes, thus leaving one solid bottom with two rings placed on top of it to form the patty. Now put these patties in the ice chest a half hour to cool, then bake in a moderately quick oven about 30 minutes, or until nice brown; then, with a spoon, take out any unbaked portion that may remain in the centre. Brush the tops over with the unbeaten white of an egg, dust thickly with granuiated sugar, return to the oven a few minutes to glaze. When ready to serve, fill with fresh strawberries, heap whipped cream over the top, and dust lightly with powdered sugar.—*Mrs. Rorer, in Table Talk.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

SPRING VALLEY, IOWA.
Hallie M Barr
Maggie C Dolon
Rena M Halstead
Wellie M Grammell
Rose E McDowell
Grace B McDowell
Jennie M McDowell
Daisy Grindstaff
Greta L Barr
May L Vandel
Grace E Bolon

WEST ONEONTA, N. Y.
Gracie E White

MILES, IOWA.
Chester A Davis
Lucy S Davis

STOCKVILLE, NEB.
Ernest R Bartholomew
Ida T Watts

Names this week, 16. Total 27,034.

The above embraces all names received up to June 21.

THE BABY.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky, as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

—*Songs for Our Darlings.*

For the YOUNG FOLKS.

BENNIE'S COWS.

BY E. W. BRIDGMAN.

I WAS admiring a fine drove of cows on a farm in the southern part of Wisconsin when the farmer surprised me by saying he owned but few cows, in fact, he said he was nearly out of cows.

"Why," said I, "you seem to have a good many yet."

"Those are not mine," and the farmer smiled fondly, "they belong to Bennie, my youngest son."

"How does it happen that Bennie owns all the cows?"

"He does not own all of them, but if his were taken away my drove would not be very large. It happened this way: When Bennie was five or six years old we decided to send him to school. The older boys were not very large and it was more than a mile to the school house, so I fixed up a rude cutter large enough for them and their two cousins over the way. Their cousins, Edith and Maud, contributed a string of bells and with the outfit and with a quiet family nag they were a merry crowd going and coming from school.

Neighbor Dobbs, a warm friend of mine, lived near the school house, and kindly let the horse stand in his stable during school hours. One night in January Bennie came home very much excited about a little calf he had seen in Neighbor Dobbs's barn.

"Oh, papa," he said, "it is awful cute, and it likes me. It tries to kiss my hand. It likes me better than its mother. I wish I had it for my own." And his black eyes were fairly dancing.

Now, Bennie was a great favorite with Neighbor Dobbs, who, as I have said, was a warm friend of mine. So I told Bennie to tell Mr. Dobbs the next day that you want that calf. A calf at that time of year was not considered of any value. I did not expect he would give him the calf, but thought he would laugh at such an unusual request.

You can judge of my surprise the next night when I saw the children walking home with the coveted calf in the cutter. Bennie was in raptures. He was a great lover of animals, and to have one all for his own 'tickier self,' was almost too much, he could hardly hold himself. He said the calf, not much larger than a rabbit, and neighbor Dobbs was glad to get rid of it.

She was named Fan, and when she was two years old she was a respectable cow with a heifer calf by her side—and such a pet! She would not allow me to milk any other cow until I had milked her. She would nudge me to express her displeasure if she was not milked first. Yes, her first calf was a heifer, and when that calf was two years old she had a heifer calf. So with all her descendants. They were nearly all heifers, and if you are a good mathematician you can make out how many cows Bennie would own at that rate in ten years. I get it all mixed up when I try. They were quiet, gentle creatures, and good milkers. Most of them were kept on the place. I think there would be about 50 if none had been sold. That roan cow, with a dark head, is the identical calf that Bennie brought home in the cutter ten years ago last January. You can see now how it is that I am nearly out of cows. They belong to Bennie."

"Bennie will probably be a farmer."

"Oh, no," says farmer Jones, "he is away at college now, and he says that old roan cow will make a lawyer of him."

BUSINESS BOYS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Were I just setting out in life, taking upon me for the first time the dignity of working for others and earning my own wages, I think I would be glad of a pleasant word by way of counsel from a friend who knew the difficulties and also the rewards which may come to a business boy.

Such a friend could tell me what to avoid, what to expect, what to cultivate, and the plainer, the more direct and straightforward the talk, the more useful it would be to me.

The talk I propose to give you to-day is precisely of this kind. It is addressed to boys who are about to leave school and enter the shop, office or counting-room, the warehouse or factory. In whatever department of trade or business you have found your niche, if you are a business boy, I have a word for you.

Hitherto, having been at school or at home, you have been under the care and protection of your parents and teachers. Your daily routine has been marked for you, and you have been held responsible only for good lessons and good conduct. You have had a great deal more leisure, much more time to play, and many more holidays than you can expect to have hereafter. For every business boy is the making of a business man, and business men, as you know, have to give their minds and their whole strength to their work. In no other way can they expect to succeed. From the time when the wise man wrote, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings," until the present day, there is no royal road to success. A business boy must give himself to his work. A business boy, though under orders to his employer, must to a degree look out for and control himself. At school, if a lad is idle or insubordinate, there are penalties; he will be detained after school, or have impositions in the way of extra tasks, or be somehow disgraced. But unless he is a very worthless pupil indeed, he will not be expelled, for the aim of parent and master will be to develop the good that is in him, to help him to see a better and nobler ideal.

In few business relations, however earnest might be the desire of the employer to reform a sullen or trifling or useless lad, would it be possible long to retain one who was idle or disobedient. After a trial or two the lad who was influencing others in a wrong direction, and arresting the orderly progress of the general business, would find himself dismissed. It is expected, you see, that a business boy shall be manly. He must put away the childishness which interferes with his right hand steady performance of duty.

One of the first principles underlying success in business is thorough honesty. Your employer buys your time; the hours, therefore, for which he pays, do not belong any longer to you but to him. If, therefore, you are due at the office at 9 or 7 or 8 o'clock, you owe it to the man or the house employing you to be at your post on time precisely. It is better to be on or fifteen minutes too early than even one minute too late.

You owe your employer attention; your mind must not be wool-gathering while you have work to do, but you should devote the whole strength of your powers to doing whatever you are set to do in the very best way. Sent on an errand, do not loiter; intrusted with a message, deliver it promptly and precisely as it was given to you; charged with carrying a package, despatched to the postoffice or bank, go straight as an arrow from the bow to the place indicated, and return as promptly. The boy who can be depended upon in these regards is soon considered an excellent and valuable business boy, and will probably receive promotion.

"Because thou hast been faithful in a few things," said the ruler in the parable to the man with ten talents, "I will make thee ruler over many things."

The faithful, attentive, apt boy will never stay long at the bottom of the ladder.

About money let me give you a caution. Never, even for five minutes, cheat yourself into the notion that any one else's money belongs to you. Never borrow without leave any sum, from a penny to a thousand dollars. Gloss it over as you may, such borrowing is theft. The boy or the man who takes what does not belong to him is a thief. He may never be discovered, but whether or not his dishonesty is revealed, he is a thief, and he knows it, and God knows it.

Cultivate in yourself a nice sense of honor. Not a grape on the myriad clusters heaped up before the grocer's door, not a candy on the confectioner's counter, not an apple or a peach on the the table in the house where you happen to be stopping, belongs to you, unless you can buy and pay for it, or unless it is bestowed upon you as a gift. Be above pilfering; to steal the smallest trifle is morally as wrong as to embezzle thousands of dollars.

It is no disgrace to a boy to wear an old patched coat, clumsy shoes, trousers baggy at the knees, a battered hat. It is in some circumstances a great honor for him to appear in the garb of poverty, especially when his earnings are given to help an ailing father or a widowed mother or to drive the wolf from the door of some aged relative. The real disgrace is in dressing or living beyond one's means and so rushing into temptation and incurring debt.

May I say a word about your earnings? They will not be very large at first, because while you are inexperienced, and only learning the first steps in business, your services are not very valuable. In fact, the opportunity to learn is in itself a part of your payment, and in many cases a boy may well be content to work without salary for several years if he can thereby be taught his chosen business in a desirable establishment.

Make up your mind not to spend all you earn. If you are living at home with your parents, and are not required to pay anything for your board, perhaps not allowed to contribute to the cost of your clothing, you should be able to save a good sum every year. Where, as often is the case, a boy is expected mainly to clothe himself, perhaps to help toward family expenses, he can, of course, save less; but if he see the importance of thrift, he will put something by. It is a good plan to go to a savings bank, make a deposit, have a book of your own, and from time

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE ON GOSPEL POWER.

"The Mightiest Weapon is the Gospel" His Subject, and His Text Taken From These Words: "There is None Like That; Give It Me."

BROOKLYN, June 23.—Rev. Dr. Talmage had expected to deliver a sermon to-day at the state exposition building, Fort Worth, Tex. Instead, he addressed two large audiences here. He preached on the subject: "The Mightiest Weapon is the Gospel." His text was 1 Samuel xxi, 9: "There is none like that; give it me." The preacher said:

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and slay him. David goes in the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath, former chased—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this is the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off of it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword which has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is come into the possession of Jesus Christ and of his glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David, when I stretch out my hand toward that blade of the Philistine and cry: "There is none like that; give it me!"

Science Is Sometimes Falsely Used.

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity, as we we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: "There is none like that; give it me." And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and heaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta, with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the chemist, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

The Words of Worldly Philosophy.

Worldly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and, if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? And so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." Well, said Christian philosophy; and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts came—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises the locusts drop, and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light and sun as clay to the seal, is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on, and makes discoveries, and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that allusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth hath no foundation." Christian philosophy comes, and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

God Is Always Right.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hand in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig, and the higher up astronomy can soar all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night from the observatories of Albany and Washington stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying, "There is none like that; give it me." I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out, "Who am I? Undone! unclean! have mercy, Lord God!"

A World of Travelers.

Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place has damned many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade, because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent at home, in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they get into Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail trains, why, they are to take our Bibles; these steamships, they are to transport our missionaries; these sailors, rushing from city to city, all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Shoam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of Him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking until Jesus shall reign.

Where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

And the firearms, with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the church, and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

Religion Good for Every One.

So it has also been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in the sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Grotius and Burke in statesmanship; Bovle and Leibnitz in philosophy; Thomas Chalmers and Andrew Fuller in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural allusions. Through sensational speech and through essayist's discourse Sinai thunders and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber; but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that theme when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence upon Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution; but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion, and eulogized the bible. The eloquence and learning that have been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gibbon's mythical pen? Where is Robespierre's sword? Captured for God. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity, but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; an it is a fact now that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt when, standing amidst those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

In later days the palaces of kings were adorned with pictures. But what to us clean Hearts and minds was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffries, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world still on the side of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes across the water, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the power of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The beautiful thought goes back to his room in the hotel and prays God for preparation for that day when,

Shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

The Power of Christian Pictures.

Our Sunday school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh, that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel Kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forebearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. That has been one of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him for the most part had no social position. But in all the apostleman manner manifested in all the apostleship. Joseph, of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Christ? I think of only one—Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the board of trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed, and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the exporting purposes of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the East their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give it me!"

Be Downhearted No Longer.

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on that right side—thine, O Lord, be the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "Whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind. He is so lovely, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from him. Come now, and accept his mercy. Behold him as he stretches out the arms of his salvation, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows, planted by the water courses, or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

A Two-Cent Rate.

The Michigan Senate has passed the bill regulating passenger fares on railroads at the rate of two cents a mile where the gross passenger earnings of the road are $3,000 a mile or over; 2½ cents where the earnings are between $2,000 and $3,000 a mile, and three cents for roads whose annual earning are less than $2,000 a mile. The railroads in the Upper Peninsula are allowed to charge five cents a mile.

The Farm.

Special Request.

Readers of the FARM are asked to turn to the 4th page of this issue and read the announcement of the story by the late D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), called "The Demagogue," and then to send, by the next mail, on a postal card, the names and addresses of at least ten persons to whom we may send sample copies, with a view to their subscribing. The FARM has done many a favor for its readers; now pay them back, friends!

INFORMATION WANTED.

Ginseng.

J. K. C., Oldham, Kentucky: We know of no place where seeds or cuttings of ginseng may be obtained. It is supposed by the Chinese to have medicinal virtues, and by them is held in high estimation. It is regarded in this country as having no value as a medicine. Attempts to cultivate it in gardens have been unsuccessful. Some people in this country have a fondness for chewing it, and it is found in drug stores. The taste is rather agreeable, being sweet and bitter. The article in China has, at times, rated at its weight in gold. It is found in mountainous regions, in rich and shady woods, in Canada and many parts of the United States. The principal collections of ginseng made in America are in Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. The exports are not so large as formerly, as the Chinese have questioned the qualities of the American article, and its price has depreciated.

Strawberry Culture—Plants do Not Bloom.

D. C. (no state): Any good soil prepared as for raising vegetables, will produce strawberries. There are various systems of cultivation. One is where plants are set out and allowed to grow until the ground is covered with vines. This is the shiftless way. A second is the alternate strip system, which is excellent. Rows are struck out three feet apart. All runners on one side of the rows are allowed to grow and take root, while on the opposite side they are cut off. In this way every alternate strip of three feet will be covered with vines which will give a crop of berries, while the bare strip will serve as an alley for the pickers. After this crop is over dig up this alley and next season permit the runners to cover and take root in it. After this season's crop is gathered, dig in the old plants, and so on, digging up one side each year. At the time of setting the plants, and at each annual digging, a liberal coating of manure should be dug in. This should be well rotted. Next is the biennial system, and with many is popular. It consists in planting beds, three rows, eighteen inches apart each way, and paths two feet wide. Hoe the plants, weed properly, let the runners grow, and after the bed has produced two crops, dig or plow it up, and plant in a new place. The annual system is the same, except that the plants are put a little nearer together, cultivated the first season, bear the second, and are then plowed or dug under. The best time to plant is in April or May. You do not say how old your vines are. If over three years, it is best for you to have a new bed. Most cultivators are satisfied with two pickings. If your plants are but one year old, they undoubtedly lack fertilization. Pistillate varieties of strawberries—the having imperfect stamens, and that not accomplish fertilization—should have other varieties planted in alternate rows to fertilize them. One row of staminate to four of pistillate, is sufficient. Winter protection is necessary. This should not be close or heavy so as to choke the plants—just sufficient to keep out frost. Straw with brush laid over it, is good. As not more than one lot of 50 of your plants bloomed, you have been on account of frost or bad weather. If it cannot be traced to some cause that injured the plants and prevented blooming, we think it would be more profitable for you to start a new bed with new plants.

Smutty Hay.

Mrs. G. A., O'Neal's, Cala.: Smutty hay affects the membranes of the throat and head of a horse. It also irritates the bronchae and disarranges the system, causing indigestion. Fed in too great quantity the horse becomes ill, and if the feeding is persisted in will result in death to the animal.

Best Layers—To Make Hens Lay—Poultry Food.

A. S., Warsaw, N. Y.: The secret of making hens lay is not to over-feed them, and giving a variety of food. A fat hen is a poor egg producer. Give fresh water at all times. In summer time do not feed much corn, as it is heating and has great fattening properties. Let them have plenty of grass and a good range. A little fresh meat for three times a week is good. A breakfast of soft feed with a little boiled oats in the morning, scraps from the table, or grain in the evening. Soft feed should not be sloppy. A variety is what is needed—not too much. In winter time corn may be fed more frequently than during the summer, and in soft feed put a little red pepper twice a week. Keep your fowls where draughts of air will not strike them in their house. We have but little faith in poultry food. It is stimulating, and is not long in doing harm, as we believe. Poultry should have, once in a while, a little bone meal or old bones broken up fine. Also plenty of dust to keep themselves clear of lice. Now as to the best egg layers. As a general purpose fowl for eggs and weight the Plymouth Rock stands very high. For weight and layers the Light Brahma is unsurpassed. This fowl is a good layer at all times, but is especially good in winter. Of the non-setters the white Leghorns, and white Minorcas we think are at the head of the list. The white Leghorn is a sort of egg machine. There is no fowl, either setter or non-setter, that will beat it. The black Spanish is a good fowl, but the chicks are not so hardy as some other breeds. The objection to Minorcas and Leghorns is that they can fly very high, and are of light weight. The American Dominique is a splendid bird. It lays well, and is of good weight. The Polish fowls are very good. Now we have told you what we think about fowls, and will at once "fly for the tail timber," for we expect those people who have other birds will be after us like sixty, which is just one jump faster than 59. We have had experience running a poultry paper, and know something about "hornets' nests."

Young Ducks and Turkeys—The Best Food—Eggs or Hens' Feathers.

H. H., Warren, Michigan: You do not say how old your ducks are. If they have just been hatched, corn or oat meal in which there is a little finely chopped fresh meat and a sprinkling of lettuce or onion is as good as anything. Ducklings need a little exercise. Later on they will need grass. With a good range they will get along nicely. Ducklings are very slow to learn to peck, and a good way is to give them to a hen that will teach them how. Turkeys sit 26 to 29 days. Twenty-one days before the young turkeys appear, put two or three hen's eggs under the turkey so that the chicks will come out at the same time with them. The little chicks will teach the stupid little turkeys how to peck. The water or milk may be given by dipping the finger in it and applying it to the end of their beaks. The best food for about a week after the turkeys came out is hard boiled eggs, mixed with dandelion. At the end of a week give bread crumbs mixed with boiled egg, gradually lessening the latter, and giving other food the same as for chickens. Young turkeys should never be taken away from the mother, and never be forced to roost. The trouble with your fowls, we think, is white comb. Give each fowl a full teaspoonful of castor oil, and rub the head and neck lightly with sweet oil, in which is well stirred a little flour of sulphur. An essential to the cure of this disease is an abundance of green food. We judge your fowls to be of the Asiatic family.

Liver Affection in Fowls—Best Breed of Sheep for Wool and Mutton.

T. B. D., Turtle Lake, Wisconsin: Liver affection is a not unusual complaint among fowls. It results from damp houses, bad ventilation, and improper food. The remedy is to keep the fowls in clean quarters. Give each one a dose of caster oil, and every other day for a week put a teaspoonful of tincture of iron in fresh water, well stirred in, for the fowls to drink. The most popular fine-wool sheep in this country is the American Merino. The Cotswold, for general purposes, is a favorite breed. It has a strong constitution, broad chested, round barreled, straight backed. At fifteen months old it will give fifteen pounds of mutton to the quarter, and at two years 20 to 30 pounds. The wool is strong and somewhat coarse, but white and mellow, six to eight inches long, and averages seven to eight pounds per fleece.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Farmers' Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In your issue of May 30, Mr. Corlin, in a communication to the BLADE FARM, seems to take exception to what I had to say about the Farmers' Alliance vs. the binding-twine trust. After misquoting me, he intimates that I draw the "long bow." Now, friend Corlin, there need be no controversy between us. I said, in regard to the action of the Alliance, "A good thing for those who are members, but not so good for those who are not, and who stand in a ratio as to numbers, ten to one." But you quote me as having explicit reference to those who were now members but had signed the pledges not to buy twine at the price asked by the trust. Now if you will consult the last United States census you will find that the farmers and farm laborers number 45 per cent of the whole. Now, then, do you think you have one member to every ten who are not? But, aside from all this quibble, I was pleased to read your article, as it gave many of your readers, myself included, an insight into the aims and objects of your order, which heretofore were only surmises. I cannot say that I fancy your political creed, and whilst I should be sorry to go to the extreme your father would (who, by the way, I should take it was a Democrat). I should be sorry to belong to an order which should at any time cast even a minority of its votes for a free trade Democrat, a fiat money greenbacker, or a renegade Republican mugwump. I should much prefer casting my vote for a stump-tailed yellow dog, for I should then run no risk in being misrepresented. To put it mildly, the members of the Alliance are "free lances" on the "Dugald Galdetty" order, when they have no candidates of their own, which I suppose will not often be the case. Reforms outside the two great parties have a slender show. Witness the rise and fall of the Greenback party, and the futile efforts of the prohibitionists as a party. Now as you did not say in your political creed, that you did not intend to throw your influence to either of the old parties, my diagnosis is not wide of the mark; and whilst you may occasionally elect a man to office from your own ranks you will oftener find the grapes sour. It is no secret here that one of the other objects of the Alliance is to do away with the middle man, or retailer, in which they will fail, as the Grange did here in Kansas, or as the Alliance did when it attempted to ignore them in the binding twine. The former pays now $12 60-100 per hundred pounds in car lots, and the retailers offer it in quantities to suit at 13c per pound. They took the "sop" and are in the service. While there are many wrongs that the agriculturists have to submit to, that would "nerve" (as you say) if the farmers would stand shoulder to shoulder, but to send half a dozen farmers to the legislature from as many different counties and state in my opinion will never right them. Of course the Alliance has within its organization many smarter men than I am, of greater political experience, etc., but if I could say I would suggest that an easier road to success would be to select your men irrespective of their calling, and belonging to either the Democratic or Republican parties, qualifying that selection, however, by making choice of a Democrat only in states where they have a majority in the legislature, and have every such seeker of official honors pledge himself in writing to use his utmost endeavors to carry out certain measures of reform. By so doing you would not antagonize the candidates of either of the parties, unless they refused to so pledge themselves. Then resort to a distinctive farmer candidate, who should, if an able man, rally to his support not only the vote of the alliance, but nine out of ten of all farmers who are not members. But such a mode of procedure in order to bring about what we know should be changed in our laws and legislation, would not, according to my experience, be palatable to a very strong minority in your order, who, I feel satisfied joined for a two-fold purpose; first, and foremost, to make it a political stepping-stone, and second, they expected to be benefited financially. Finally, I have no doubt the Alliance has many good features in its make up, else some of our best citizens would not belong. But, my friend Mr. Corlin, when you say that you make no distinction as to the political principles a man may hold, and whom you will support at the ballot box, you present for the consideration of the readers of THE BLADE FARM a dish which is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, and for variety and number would equal the creeping things that entered with Noah into the ark. Better read Mr. Struve's letter in regard to "Is it time to strust your friends?" as I prefer being saved from the ills that my calling is heir to, if at all, inside of the Republican party. If that cannot be done, then the Democratic, as I prefer a mossback, on account of its age, to a Greenback, which sounds too verdant.—WILLIAM STINE, Wilsey, Kas.

Is Opposed to It.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Mr. Stine is about right on the agriculture report. I shall use my influence to keep my neighbors from giving the information the board of trade wants. There is another thing that is against the fair shippers—that is the correct reports that are sent in so they can tell exactly what there will be for a day or two ahead on the market. I stated that the telegraph lines were a detriment to the producers and they call me a crank.—E. W. SAPP, Axtell, Kansas.

Burdocks—The Twine Trust.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In looking over correspondence of May 16, I saw war declared on burdocks. The good lady of Kansas advised cutting and salting. Mr. Muchmore recommended spade treatment. Now comes Muchless, with an implement made from a large file, as near like the accompanying paper as may be, or it might be made from a piece of old spring. Here we place the file on the ground and give a pry, and snap the root from three to eight inches below ground, draw root and spread out without disturbing grass, or any other crop. Am pleased to see the farmers waking up before their heads are entirely off. It is said in some old writing, "The last straw broke the camel's back." If the twine trust has waked up the farmers enough to set them a thinking, good will surely come out of it. Whether the parties who wish to sell self-binders, are pleased with the twine trust, is a matter for themselves to consider.—WM. COTLEW, Northville, Mo. [Mr. Cotlew encloses in his letter a piece of paper cut very much to the shape of a file, which represents a spud, as spoken of by the editor some time ago. It is to be inserted in a strong shaft, about five feet long, with a good turl. The shank to be strong enough to bear the strain. Mr. C. says: "As well expect to see a wooden-legged man walk without a stick as to see your correspondent go about the farm without a hand-spud, as thistles and rank weeds frequently come in sight, and can be killed, as well as burdocks, by use of same."

Received.

Garden and Forest—A journal of horticulture, landscape, art and forestry. Publication office, *Tribune* building, New York. It sustains its excellence on the varied subjects upon which it treats.

A B C in cheese making. A short manual for farm cheese-makers in Cheddar, French cream cheese, Neufchatel and skim-milk cheese. By J. H. Monrad. Winnetka, Ill. This is a handy little book.

Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for the month ending April 30, 1889. Containing a summary of correspondents as to the condition of crops, fruit, etc., together with a paper on experiments in pig feeding, by Prof. E. M. Sullivan. The paper on pig feeding is a notable one, and exhibits careful work in all the details of ascertaining the relative value of shorts, bran and corn-meal for fattening pigs. Photographs of sections of the animal's fed are given, which show the character of the flesh. The report is too long to give even an intelligent synopsis here. Suffice it to say that the experiments were favorable to the corn-fed pigs. In the cooking test there were two trials. In the first trial the two pieces compared were boiled in the same pot, in the second the pieces were cooked in separate vessels. In the first boiling the corn-fed piece "wasted in the pot," "boiled away" exactly 33¼ per cent, and the shorts-bran-fed pig 47 9-10 per cent by the same process. In the second boiling the shrinkages of the corn-fed and shorts-bran-fed pork were respectively 33⅓ per cent and 50 per cent. Moreover, there was a noticeable difference in the character of the meat after the boiling. The corn-fed pieces retained their original forms; they were firm and elastic under moderate pressure, offering considerable resistance to the progress of knife or fork. On the other hand, the shorts-bran fed pork was a soft, sleazy and almost shapeless mass after cooking." In concluding his report, Prof. Chilton says: The truth is, the great American staple, Indian corn, is on incomparable grain food when used simply for fattening, or when judiciously blended with other foods in the process of growth and development of the animal. But in what we consider the promptness and ease with which Indian corn is produced, due to its perfect suitableness to American soil and climate, that its superiority to all other form of grain food becomes strikingly apparent. Thus a single acre yielding the quite ordinary product of 50 bushels of corn, would, according to the Purdue experiment, produce 513 pounds of pork. Moreover, in the case of the chief portion of the agricultural sections of the American continent, there is no other grain that is really available for meat-making. It is futile to talk of using bran, shorts, barley, oats, milk or peas, in pork-making, upon a large scale. The instant that we are reduced to the necessity of using any or all of these foods as a substitute for Indian corn, our supremacy as a pork-producing nation will have passed to others.

The objection often urged against the general fatness of corn-fed pork seems to me to have no sufficient foundation in the wants of consumers. It is true that townspeople generally demand lean fresh meat, but work-people, who are the chief consumers of pork the world over, demand fat meat, and of the salted article will take no other; while with all classes pure lard is a staple article, for which they cheerfully pay a price such that the fat portions of the hog before "rendering" are more profitable to the butcher than the lean parts of the carcass.

The results of our feeding of fully-matured pigs in equal sets upon shorts-bran and corn meal during a limited forcing or fattening period may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. The shorts-bran-fed pigs required for full ripening nearly or quite 25 per cent more of time than was needed by the corn-fed series; but even when the feeding of the corn-fed lot was prolonged—to their great disadvantage—to a period equal to that occupied by the shorts-bran-fed series it cost to make a hundred weight of grain from shorts-bran twenty-five (25) cents more than was needed to make a like gain with corn meal alone.

2. The corn diet, as compared with shorts-bran, had no unfavorable influence upon the vital organs, so-called, with the exception of the kidneys. The testimony upon this latter point, however, is far from conclusive.

3. The corn-fed pigs had stronger bones than those fed shorts-bran, and the quality of the bone tissue was distinctly tougher and more fibrous.

4. The meat of the pigs fed corn was fatter than that made from shorts and bran, a fact fully explained by their excess of gain, (98 lbs.) but the advantage of either series in respect to the amount of lean meat, or in its distribution with the fat (marbling) was not distinguishable by the senses.

5. The quality of the meat, as a whole, of the corn-fed pigs was clearly better than that of the shorts-bran series, for cooking by boiling; the results obtained from roasting lean meat give occasion for a difference of opinion as to superiority in the quality of the meat of the two sets, while frying failed to show any advantage for either."

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, June 22, says: There is a better feeling, with larger transactions in iron and wool, and crop prospects are more favorable. But the agreement of railway presidents has not prevented a renewal of strife, and the demoralization of rates is spreading widely, and meanwhile the exports of gold to-day will exceed $4,400,000. If the railway outlook continues to discourage foreign investors, and the banks begin to lose the last half of the year with low reserves, gold going out, and the large crops to be moved, the monetary prospect will not be quite encouraging.

Rains have decidedly improved the crop prospects in the northwest, so that great hopefulness tinges all commercial reports from that section, and the demoralization of rail rates is commonly supposed to promise better returns to farmers, while the difference in cost of transporting eastern products to western consumers is already considerable throughout the region north and west of Illinois.

Better prices for iron are reported at Pittsburg, at Philadelphia, and to some extent here, the advance on many kinds of pig iron being about 50c per ton. But Northern No. 2 can still be bought here at $16.50 to $18 and Southern No. 1 at $16.25 to $17 per ton. The markets for manufactured products are stronger and higher.

Wool is rather stronger.

Wheat has advanced 1¾c with sales at 60,000,000 bushels here for the week. But this speculative movement seems to take no account of the fact that wheat and flour equivalent to about 40,000,000 bushels in excess of a minimum stock, will probably remain from the last crop July 1st, to be added to a new supply which now promises to exceed all requirements for the next year.

Corn is ½c and oats ⅝c higher, for no other reason than because wheat advances.

Cotton has declined an eighth.

Pig iron exhibited break in coffee lowers the price 1¾c, with sales of 696,000 bags. But the price is still 15c for December options, against 9½ a year ago, and operators wonder that the public does not buy.

Pork, lard and hogs are a fraction lower, sugar unchanged for this week, and leather ⅛c higher for some grades. The general tendency of prices has been slightly upward.

The heavy shipments of gold this week are a surprise to many and are attributed by some bankers to the needs of the bank of France and large expenditures of Americans at the exposition. But the balance of foreign trade has for months been so heavily against this country that no such explanation of gold shipments is necessary. For June, thus far, merchandise exports from New York, are 16 per cent larger than last year's, with imports somewhat smaller, but even these changes would leave a heavy excess of imports to be met by shipments of securities of gold.

The business failures number 220, as compared with 250 last week and 225 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 204.

GRAIN PLANT LOUSE.

Professor Forbes Is Not Greatly Alarmed at the New Insect.

The Illinois state board of Agriculture has a communication from the state entomologist, Professor S. A. Forbes, concerning a minute bluish-green, oval, rather sluggish insect found within a few days in such abundance on the heads and leaves of wheat and oats from the Ohio river to Madison and Champaign counties as to create great alarm in the Illinois wheat belt.

The entomologist says its amazing abundance seems due to the growth of recent years and of the early spring this year, its enormous rate of multiplication enabling it to take a rapid advantage of circumstances favorable to its increase.

The amount of injury, he says, depends largely upon the weather, and cannot be predicted. This plant louse attacks so suddenly and in such overwhelming numbers when it gets a fair start that nothing can be done but trust to the weather and its natural enemies. The insect is susceptible to immense destruction by parasites and seasonable rains check its mischief by their unfavorable influence on the louse and by enabling the grain to support the loss of sap on which it feeds. It damages only crop plants of the grass family, including wheat, barley, oats, rye, bluegrass, foxtail and the like.

The complaints about the destruction of wheat by a strange insect are increasing. They come chiefly from the central and eastern parts of Indiana, but the ravages of the little bug have already spread to Northern Indiana, and the secretary of the state board of Agriculture regards the reports as alarming. The insect is what is known among agriculturists as the "green midge," another species of which is the "red midge."

The last appeared in that region about fifteen years ago and did great damage to the growing wheat. The "green midge," the "little destroyer which is now doing such alarming work, has not been seen by farmers since 1865, when it almost entirely destroyed the wheat crop of Indiana and neighboring states. Millions of them appear in a field, settling upon the stalk, from which they draw the sap, causing the grain to shrivel before it is matured. The insects are green in color.

Crops Looking Nicely.

Assistant general superintendent of the Chicago & Northwestern railway, who has just returned from a tour of inspection along the lines of the road in Dakota, gives a comprehensive and accurate account of the present crop prospects in all the sections visited. The condition of crops has been much improved since last week by several good rains. From Winona to Tracy grain looks fine. From Tracy to Goodwin there will be a good crop. From Brookings to Huron wheat and flax are badly injured by dry weather. Faulk and Potter counties promise a large crop. The general summary is very encouraging. With favorable weather until harvest there will be a much larger crop than last year.

Acres of Wheat Under Water.

Dispatches from southeastern Kansas on June 20 say the Neosho river is out of its banks in numerous places, and that many thousand acres of wheat and other grain are submerged and destroyed.

COMING CROPS.

Oats Will Turn Out in Large Quantities—A General Review.

The following appeared in the Chicago *Farmers' Review* of June 26:

The reports of our crop correspondents indicate that whatever else may prove a failure, oats will be a good crop. The present prospect is the best in years at a corresponding season, except in Kentucky and Dakota, where the spring drouth was most severe and prolonged; but even in those states, if wet weather continues, there is time to recover from the effects of unfavorable conditions earlier in the season.

The cool, damp weather which has been so propitious for oats, has been discouraging to corn. Although averages are high in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota, in other states prospects are less favorable than a week ago. Reports from Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, where heavy frosts have been experienced, are very low.

The condition of spring wheat has improved in Iowa, but in all other of the states covered by our report has declined during the past ten days. Telegraphic reports announce, however, that late heavy rains in Minnesota and Dakota have greatly benefited wheat, and our next report will probably be more encouraging.

Among the causes of the lower averages reported in Illinois and Indiana may be mentioned the "new insect" first named in the *Farmer's Review* as the grain plant louse (siphonaphora granaria or avanae), which is preying upon wheat and oats in many parts of those states; complaints of damage from cut-worms are also common, and a correspondent resident of Ross, Indiana, reports the total destruction of a 30-acre field of rye by army worms. Everything possible is being done to prevent the onward march of the worms. Another cause of damage is high water on bottom lands seeded to corn and spring wheat.

We summarize the reports of our correspondents relative to the condition of grain crops as compared with an average, as follows:

Illinois—Spring wheat 98 per cent, corn 85, oats 90. Indiana—Corn 80, oats 93. Ohio—Corn 81, oats 90. Kentucky—Corn 93, oats 77. Missouri—Corn 99, oats 100. Kansas—Corn 102, oats 119. Nebraska—Spring wheat 94, corn 100, oats 92. Iowa—Spring wheat 101, corn 90, oats 102. Michigan—Corn 83, oats 107. Wisconsin—Spring wheat 90, corn 68, oats 100. Minnesota—Spring wheat 90, corn 78, oats 90. Dakota—Spring wheat 90, corn 100, oats 78.

DAKOTA FARMERS.

**They Want Neither Free Trade nor National B

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on June 20:

HIRAM F. DEVOL, of Missouri, to be collector of internal revenue for the sixth district of Missouri.

EDWARD D. BOSTICK, to be lieutenant in the navy.

EDWARD LLOYD, jr., to be a lieutenant (junior grade) in the navy.

Hiram F. Devol, the new collector of internal revenue for the sixth district of Missouri, is a native of Ohio, but has resided at Kansas City for the past eight years. He entered the war as captain of an Ohio regiment and rose to the rank of brevet brigadier general. He was indorsed for the office by ex-President Hayes, ex-Secretary McCrary and many others.

The President made the following appointments on June 21:

To be United States attorneys:

WALTER LYON, of Pennsylvania, for the western district of Pennsylvania.

WM. E. CRAIG, of Virginia, for the western district of Virginia.

To be United States Marshals:

GEORGE I. CUNNINGHAM, of South Carolina, for the district of South Carolina.

JOHN H. SIMMONS, of Ohio, for the southern district of Ohio.

ORVILLE T. PORTER, of Oregon, for the district of Alaska.

ANSON S. TAYLOR, of the District of Columbia, a justice of the peace and assigned to the city of Washington.

To be trustees of the Girls' Reform school, of the District of Columbia:

SAMUEL S. SHELLABARGER, AUGUSTUS S. WORTHINGTON and A. J. HUNTINGTON.

To be collectors of internal revenue:

WM. CASSIUS GOODLOE, for the seventh district of Kentucky.

A. T. WINBY, for the district of Louisiana.

HENRY M. COOPER, for the district of Arkansas.

OLIVER H. SIMONS, of Colorado, consul to Kong Kong. (He was last week nominated to St. Petersburg and his appointment now transfers him to Hong Kong.)

WILLIAM MONAGHAN, of Ohio, consul to Chatham, Ont. (Mr. Monaghan, of New Lisbon, O., is the present chairman of the Republican State committee, was a soldier during the war and has held several state offices of importance.)

WILLIAM T. RICE, of Massachusetts, consul to Leghorn. (He was consul at Leghorn from 1880 to 1882. He is now sent back to his old post.)

L. T. ADAMS, of New York, consul to Hergen, Switzerland. (He was appointed to Geneva, March 3, 1879, and is now transferred to Hergen, Switzerland.)

HENRY W. DIEDRICH, of Indiana, consul to Nuremberg. (Mr. Diedrich is a resident of Ft. Wayne, and a native-born citizen of German descent. He is of the Concordia Lutheran college, and a man of learning and scholarly attainments. He has for many years taken an active interest in politics.)

ROLAND J. HEMMICK, of Pennsylvania, consul to Geneva, Switzerland. (Mr. Hemmick is a prominent business man of Pittsburg, and is recommended by a majority of the leading business men of that city.)

The following appointments were announced on June 22:

JOHN L. STEVENS, of Maine, to be minister resident to the Hawaiian Islands.

GEORGE MONEY, of Tennessee, to be minister resident to Paraguay and Uurauguay.

JOHN MARTIN CRAWFORD, of Ohio, to be consul general at St. Petersburg.

WILLIAM H. DIMOND, to be superintendent of the mint of the United States at San Francisco.

P. B. ELLIS to be assayer of the mint of the United States at Carson, Nev.

FRANK MASON, of Ohio, to be consul general at Frankfort.

CHARLES B. TRAIL, of Maryland, consul at Marseilles.

H. G. KNOWLES, of Delaware, consul at Bordeaux.

Mr. Stevens was formerly minister to Paraguary and Uruguay under the administration of President Grant, and under the Hayes administration he held the post of minister to Sweden and Norway. He has been a member of the Maine legislature and has held other state offices of importance.

George Money, of Tennessee, was also in the diplomatic service before his present appointment, having been minister to the republic, during Garfield's administration. He was chairman of the delegation to the national Republican convention of 1888, and has been a prominent figure in local politics.

John Martin Crawford, who is appointed consul general at St. Petersburg, is a scholar of distinction, and his mission will success the Scandinavian national epic.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on June 25:

HENRY H. LAWRENCE to be assayer in charge of the mint of the United States at San Francisco.

MICHAEL E. SMITH to be assayer in charge of the mint of the United States at Denver, Col.

JAMES E. FITCH, of the District of Columbia, to be a trustee of the reform school of the District of Columbia.

WANTS NO BURCHARD.

Why President Harrison Refused To Be Decorated.

When a prominent member of the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, endeavored on June 19 to pin a badge of the Order on the President's breast, he was promptly repulsed.

The act was witnessed by fully 300 people, and there were varied expressions of opinion as to what the President should or should not have done.

Mr. Spofford, who tried to do the decorating, expressed his regret at his thoughtlessness. The President told one of his Cabinet officers that his refusal to wear the badge was in line with his conduct on similar previous occasions. He did not propose to identify himself with any peculiar organization and he would not be entrapped into giving an endorsement of an order that he knew so little of as of the P. O. S. A.

TERRITORIAL LEGISLATION.

Attorney General Miller Reviews the Arizona Case.

Attorney General Miller, at the request of the governor of Arizona, submitted through Secretary Noble has considered at great length the question whether in the absence of an enabling act by Congress, an act passed by the Arizona legislature and approved by the governor "to provide for the holding of a convention for the purpose of framing a state constitution to be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection" is valid.

The attorney general holds that it is valid, and cites numerous precedents where the territories were admitted into the union without enabling acts. The power to accept, modify or reject the constitution adopted by a territory when it seeks admission as a state, he holds, is vested in Congress.

"Congress," he continued, quoting from the Supreme court decision, in the case of the National bank versus Yankton, "may not only abrogate laws of the territorial legislature, but it may legislate directly for the local government. It may make a void act of a territorial legislature valid, and a valid act void." He holds, in other words, that Congress has complete control over the matter when the territory seeks admission as a state, and may then cure any defects that may exist in its constitution, which is, in a sense, a petition, the right of which is guaranteed in the constitution of the United States.

Senator Manderson's Pension.

The pension office has enriched Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, to the extent of $4,000. The Senator has sufferod from a gunshot wound ever since the war but the rating of the pension was a low one

Some of his friends talked to Commissioner Tanner of the matter, and as a consequence, the rating was raised and the pension re-issued at the increased figures.

Humphrey Will Not Serve.

The resignation of J. Otis Humphrey as member of the commission to treat with the Cherokee Indians, has been forwarded to the secretary of the Interior. The matter has not been made public for the reason that Secretary Noble has been in communication with Mr. Humprey since the receipt of his letter asking him to recall his resignation, but Mr. Humphrey positively declined to serve. In his letter to Secretary Noble he assigned as his reasons for resignation ill health and private business engagements.

Fairchild Will Accept.

Gen. Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, has notified the President that he will accept the vacant place on the Cherokee commission.

Internal Revenue.

The collections of internal revenue during the first eleven months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, were $120,028,986, being $5,934,208 more than the collections during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

Right You Are.

Secretary Tracy has ordered a court martial to investigate the circumstances of the grounding of the Constellation.

BOOMING WHITNEY.

Payne is Willing to Spend a Dollar or Two to Help His Son-in-Law.

The Whitney boom for 1892 is beginning to make itself heard. A private letter from Senator Payne was received in Washington Saturday in which the old gentleman states it to be his belief that the ex-secretary of the Navy will be the choice of the Democrats for the next great National contest.

Mr. Payne says: "Cleveland's free trade ideas have damaged his candidacy beyond the possibility of repair, and there are thousands of self-respecting Democrats who could not and would not support Hill."

Of course it would be a very nice thing to have a son-in-law President of the United States, and the old gentleman is going to spend a dollar or two to help Whitney make the attempt.

It is a long while before 1892.

Gone to Cape May.

The President left Washington on Friday for Cape May. He was accompanied by Ex-Senator Sewell, and returned to Washington on Monday evening.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

CAN'T PLAY IT ALONE.

England Will Call in the Other Powers to Settle the Behring Sea Dispute.

It was stated in official circles at Ottawa, Canada, on June 24, that no action will be taken at present by either the dominion or British government with regard to protecting the British sealing vessels in Behring sea. The ships of war on the Pacific coast go north on their usual yearly cruise, to which no significance can be attached.

The question as to the right of the United States to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring sea will for the present be held in abeyance, as on good authority it is learned that the British government is seeking the co-operation of the several maratime powers of the world with a view to their joining in the dispute of the United States' claim and in the reference of the question to arbitration.

The British government has requested the Dominion government to take no action until a settlement has been arrived at in this way. It is stated that the several maritime powers which have been invited to take part in the settlement support the contention of the British government that the Behring sea is not a close sea. It is also stated that the claims for damages through the seizure of the British sealers by United States cruisers will also be submitted to arbitration when the question of jurisdiction is taken up.

ON THE ISTHMUS.

A Pall of Gloom Hanging Over the Deserted Territory.

Matters on the isthmus of Panama continue to wear a gloomy look and one which will last until thousands more of the men now there are removed. Many have gone, but, as already reported, there are many who should be afforded the means of reaching some place where work is to be had.

Some have gone from Aspinwall to Port Limon and Greytown, but at those little places there is small chance for workmen to find employment, and a majority of those who went speedily left for other localities. The Peruvian and Chilian consuls continue to pay the passages to the south, of the natives of those countries, who desire to return to their homes.

Much activity is noted at Culebra, Colon and LaBoca, where work is in progress of storing in the work shops the immense stock of material at those sections belonging to the Panama Canal company. Mr. Bregeand, a naval engineer, is in charge of the professional part of this important work at Culebra where the materials and stock of valuable machinery would have suffered heavy damage during the rainy weather had they not been placed under cover.

News From Hayti.

Capt Shaw, of the steamer Delta, states that Gen Hippolite had arrived at Cape Haytien with his staff, and was about to return to re-join his army just before Port au-Prince. Private letters received at Cape Haytien from Port-au-Prince stated that the city was in a very excited condition. Legitime refused to leave the city or capitulate and great fears were apprehended of an insurrection in the city.

Burned Four Days.

A fire which lasted four whole days has destroyed half the important town of La-Chan in the province of Sze-Chuen, China. The inhabitants were compelled to flee for their lives, and it is estimated that no less than 1,200 were killed, most of them being crushed to death while attempting to escape through the narrow and crooked streets There are 10,000 people homeless. A fund has been started at Shanghai for their relief.

Guilty of Manslaughter.

The jury in the case of the five railway employes charged with causing the recent disaster at Armagh, Ireland, by which 75 persons lost their lives has brought in a verdict of manslaughter. The rear guard of the wrecked train has been arrested.

Will Pay Damages.

At the fuquest at Armagh into the cause of the fatal railroad accident near there last week, repres entatives of the Irish Northern railroad company, on whose road the disaster occurred, announced that the company would accept all liability for the accident, and was prepared to consider all claims for damages on account of loss of life or injuries that might be presented.

Chinese Railroads.

Li Hung Chang has accepted the control of railways in the north of China, and it is proposed that Chang Chi Tung shall have control in the south. It is stated that tenders will soon be invited for the construction of a railway from Pekin to Hankow. The government appears to mean business.

Australian Mails.

The New South Wales government has decided to continue for a year from next November the contract of carrying the mails between Sydney and San Francisco. The government will consider what is the best route in the future for transporting the mails by way of the American Continental.

Evictions Taking Place.

Several more families have been evicted on the Ponsoney estate in Ireland. The tenants offered a stout resistance, and in some cases the evictors had to use a battering ram to effect an entrance into the cottages. Several persons were injured while resisting the bailiffs. Six arrests were made.

Sounds Well on Paper.

The members of the right in the French chamber of deputies have issued a manifesto declaring that they are aggrieved at the action of the republican majority in the chamber and advising the electors to unite, in the name of France and liberty, against parliament and feudality.

If Born In France.

The French chamber of deputies has passed a bill which provides that foreigners' children in France shall be considered French citizens if domiciled in France at their majority unless they decline citizenship.

Ill Once More.

The king of Holland, who recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to resume the reins of government, has had a serious relapse.

Political Conference.

It is reported that a conference will be held in Geneva to deal with the question of political refugees in Switzerland. This is the outcome of the Wohlgemuth affair.

ONCE MORE IN TROUBLE.

J. O'Donovan Rossa to Go Behind the Bars.

Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa and Wilbur H. Hendrickson were arrested at New York on June 20, by Detective Heidelburg and Dolan, of Inspector Byrnes's staff. The arrest was made at the office of the *United Irishman*, No. 59 Beekman street, on a warrant issued by Justice Hogan, based on the complaint of Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy, charging them with criminal libel.

Beats the Gatling.

The Maxim automatic guns were tested at the naval grounds at Annapolis, on June 22. One of the guns fired 750 shots in a minute, and the other 350. The guns worked satisfactorily. The Maxim gun is used in Germany, Russia and France, and is claimed to be superior to the Gatling gun in rapid firing.

MRS. HAYES DEAD.

MRS. R. B. HAYES.

Stricken With Apoplexy and Lying at the Point of Death.

On the afternoon of June 21, between 3 and 4 o'clock, while Mrs. Hayes, wife of the ex-President, living at Fremont, O., was sitting in her room sewing, she was suddenly stricken with apoplexy. Paralysis of the right side resulted, rendering her speechless. Although medical assistance was at once summoned, she soon became unconscious, and all efforts to revive her failed.

Gen. Hayes was on his way from Columbus at the time, and it was 5 o'clock when he arrived in Fremont. Mrs. Hayes's sons, Burchard and Webb, were at once summoned from Toledo and Cleveland, their respective homes.

Lucy W. Hayes

Mrs. Hayes died on June 25 at 6:30 o'clock, in the morning, after passing the night quietly. At 8 o'clock the night before she become much worse and gradually sank until the hour of her death. At the bedside were the members of the family, together with Mrs. Mitchell, of Columbus, a cousin of General Hayes, Mrs. Huntington, a cousin of Mrs. Hayes, Lucy Keeler, Mrs. A. H. Miller and the physicians.

The funeral will take place on Friday afternoon from her late residence.

Telegrams of condolence have been pouring in from all parts of the country, and the whole city of Fremont seems like one big family in its sympathy, so highly appreciated were the good qualities of the deceased.

Many people of prominence have signified their intention of attending the funral on Friday, and doubtless a large number of men and women with national reputations will be in the city on that occasion.

LIFE OF MRS. HAYES.

A Grand, Good Lady, Admired by a Whole Nation.

Mrs. Hayes's grandfather, Judge Isaac Cook, and all four of her great-grandfathers served in the revolutionary war in regiments of the Connecticut and Virginia line. Awards of land made to them in return for military service rendered as officers in the regiments led to the ultimate transfer of the family residence to Kentucky and Ohio.

Her father, Dr. Isaac Webb, when quite young served in the war of 1812 as a member of the Kentucky mounted riflemen. When she, his only daughter, was but two years old, he died in Lexington, Ky., whither he had gone from his Ohio home to arrange for manumitting the slaves of his inheritance, with the intention of sending them to Liberia.

This visit took place during the terrible year of the cholera scourge, and, being a physician, he ministered among the afflicted friends with a loyalty unto death, giving them care and medical attendance until he himself was stricken fatally by the disease.

Most of the years of Mrs. Hayes's childhood were passed with her mother at Chillicothe, or at the home of her grandfather, Judge Isaac Cook, who had served through the revolutionary war in the regiment of his father, Col. Isaac Cook, of Connecticut, and followed to Chillicothe, the first capital of Ohio, in 1791, and for fifty years was one of the foremost men of his time, serving the state in legisiative and judicial positions for more than thirty years. Mrs. Hayes's well-known earnestness of conviction with regard to the subject of temperance was inherited from this grandfather.

The inherent feeling was fostered throughout her school-girl days, both during the six years of her education in Delaware while her two brothers were college students there, and later in the Wesleyan Female seminary in Cincinnati, where she completed her school course and was graduated. To her deep and inborn conviction it was her nature to be true through all the circumstances of her life. This high loyalty, shaped simply and naturally, and therefor consistently, was followed through all her years, in the ways of her home life, the manner of her hospitalities and her custom in society, as she moved through them, and to the offices, private citizen, and during the twenty years of her husband's public life as a Union general, member of congress, a governor of her native state, and the President of the greatest nation of the world.

Mother of the Regiment.

Mrs. Hayes, known among the soldiers under her husband's command as the "Mother of the Regiment," won the *soubriquet* in the following way: A half-witted fellow was told by his comrades, immediately after her arrival in camp, that she had come to the front bringing for the officers. In good faith he carried his half-worn blouse to her to mend. After a moment's bewilderment she saw the situation, and determining to save him from being made a butt of ridicule, she took and mended it as if it really were her business. The men were somewhat ashamed, but delighted with her way of treating the matter, gave her the above title.

Her character was a remarkable one, showing a curious blending of keenness, determination and force, with single-mindedness and simplicity and sweetness of disposition. Her strength of character is shown by the latter end of her life. Married when scarcely more than an school girl, and linked to the fortunes of a man whose rise in social and political life was unusually rapid, it would have been but natural had her character received the impress of the scenes through which she passed, and she had become haughty as a leader in the several circles in which she was successively thrown. But her disposition retained all of its original sweetness, and her character was only deepened and broadened by her experiences.

With Noble Fortitude.

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It was due to this characteristic, in a great measure, that she was so popular with all, winning and retaining the respect and love of all with whom she came in contact. Even in the height of excitement subsequent to the declaration that her husband had been legally elected President, and in the storm of high and hot words of political enemies, not a whisper of disrespect or dislike was heard against Mrs. Hayes.

Her consideration for the convenience and feelings of others can not be better illustrated than by the following incident:

Among the guests at the White House was Mrs. John Davis, of Cincinnati, who was a schoolmate of Mrs. Hayes, and who has always been one of her bosom friends. Mrs. Hayes was overrun by callers, who took up nearly her whole time. Mrs. Davis asked her why she did not set certain hours for their reception, and adhere to them. Mrs. Hayes, with a motherly smile, answered:

"Oh, I could not do that. Many of these callers are poor people, and if I do not see them when they call, it would not only inconvenience them, but put them to an expense that would be burdensome to them. I can better afford to suffer a little inconvenience than that they should suffer."

This characteristic showed prominently throughout her life, and she treated high and low, rich and poor, with the same consideration.

The education of Mrs. Hayes was liberal and complete. She was naturally bright, and was always held up to the other scholars as a model. The Webbs are an old Kentucky family, and owned a number of slaves, but they were set free many years before the war. Most of them were faithful to their former owners, however, and some of their descendents are still in the service of Mrs. Hayes. Dr. James Webb, the father of the lady now dying, moved to Chillicothe, Ohio, and established a good practice. Here his daughter Lucy was born, August 28, 1831.

In order to educate her sons Mrs. Webb moved to Delaware, Ohio, and placed them in the Ohio Wesleyan university. At that time girls were not admitted, but an exception was made in the case of Miss Lucy, and she was allowed to join some of her brothers' classes. In 1847 Mrs. Webb sent her to Cincinnati to the Wesleyan female college.

In the college Miss Lucy met the daughters of many of the most prominent families in the city, and formed friendships that have lasted through life. She graduated at the head of her class in 1851, being then in her nineteenth year.

In a few months she became a bride. While living in Delaware she had met young Rutherford B. Hayes, who was on a visit to the place of his birth and the friends of his youth. He was about nine years older than Miss Lucy. The intimacy of the acquaintance grew, and Mr. Hayes was a frequent visitor at the Webb home when they moved to Cincinnati. In less than a year after the close of the young lady's school days she joined hands, hearts and fortunes with the young lawyer, who had also settled in Cincinnati, drawn there in a great measure by the presence of his sweetheart.

Her Marriage.

As the young couple marched into the room where they were to be married they were preceded by a little daughter of Mrs. Platt, who is now the wife of Gen. Mitchell, of Columbus. Among the guests present were John W. Herron, the newly appointed United States district attorney, the law partner of Mr. Hayes; Dr. John Davis and wife and Mrs. Mary C. Wilbur.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes made their home at the Webb residence until they removed to Fremont. Mrs. Hayes early showed an interest in religion and soon became a devoted and influential member of Trinity M. E church. On moving to Fremont Mrs. Hayes became identified with the M. E. church there, and has done a world of good by her charities, sound womanly advice and example. Every one in the congregation, and many out of it, know and revere her. Eight years ago, on the formation of the National Woman's Home Missionary society, Mrs. Hayes was chosen president, and she has ever since been its presiding officer.

In her home circle Mrs. Hayes was a model wife and mother, and, being domestic in her tastes, kept her household in the best of order and comfort. She dressed simply, even when mistress of the White House, caring nothing for the rules of fashion, and obeying them even less. Her household arrangements were perfect, and she gave every thing personal supervision. Within the last year she has even churned her own butter. It was this careful attention to details that gave her the well-merited reputation of being a model housewife.

Her prohibition of the use of wines and liquors in the precincts over which she ruled has become a matter of history through the stand she took on that subject during her life in the White House.

Mrs. Hayes always kept open house, and it was seldom that her roof did not cover a number of guests. She took particular delight in the company of young people, and always had a number of them about her. She allowed them every privilege, and did not frammel them. All she desired was that they should enjoy themselves, and she aided their efforts in that direction as fully as possible.

The sincerity of her purpose, and the purity of her motives were alike unquestionable, and she won for herself a high place in the regard of all who believe that temperance and morality go hand in hand.

Mrs. Gordon says of her: "Base-born motives were not within the ken of her comprehension, but office-holders and office-seekers would often play the hypocrite's part to ingratiate themselves in her favor; once winning it, by teetotalism, prayers and psalm-singing, they feared neither President nor secretary of State."

"In the midst of her surroundings," writes Laura C. Holloway, "which were outwardly captivating enough to turn a strong head, she lived a self-respecting life, individualizing it without antagonizing her husband's public interests."

William Henry Beecher Dead.

The Rev. William Henry Beecher died on June 23 at the family residence in Chicago. He was 87 years old, and his death was mainly due to his old age. Mr. Beecher was one of seven brothers, all of whom became preachers, and all more or less famous. The brothers are Dr. Edward Beecher, now living in Brooklyn; Henry Ward, George and James C. Beecher, deceased; Charles Beecher, of Wisox, Pa., and Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y.

Of the sisters, Mrs. Thomas C. Perkins, the mother of Mrs. Edward Everett Hale, now lives in Boston, and Mrs. John Hooker and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe live in Hartford. The funeral will be private. The remains will be sent to Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston, for burial.

Gen. Taft Dead.

Gen. Wm. Nathaniel Taft died in Mayesville, S. C., on June 21. He was one of the great Republican triumvirate which ruled Republican affairs in Charleston county from reconstruction times to 1886, his two colleagues being C. C. Bowen, and E. W. M. Mackey.

Other Deaths.

In Boston, June 17, John Gibbs Gilbert, the veteran comedian, aged 79; in New York city, George Hillier, superintendent of the New York custom house, aged 75; in Lexington, Ky., General William T. Withers, an ex-officer of the United States army aged 64; in Boston, June 18, Rufus Ripley Cook, well-known for his benevolent work among criminals, aged 85; in Troy, N. Y., Charles S. Collins, associate editor of the Troy *Times*; in Washington, Gen. A. C. Myers, late quartermaster of the Confederate army; M. Gernesson, President Carnot's successor in the Chamber of Deputies, is dead; in Hartford, Ct., June 21, Prof. John Brooklesby, senior professor of Trinity college, aged 78.

GENERAL NEWS.

GOLD BRICKS.

People Will Learn After a While That Money Don't Grow on Bushes.

An Englishman named S. C. Coombs has lost $8,000 by the old gold brick swindle. The trick was very cleverly played by the sharper, who figured as a farmer, and his confederate as an Indian. Coombs came to San Francisco from England with a sum standing for the sale of his farm. In good faith he carried his half-worn blouse to her to mend. After a moment's bewilderment she saw the situation, and determining to save him from being made a butt of ridicule, she took and mended it as if it really were her business. The men were somewhat ashamed, but delighted with her way of treating the matter, gave her the above title.

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Coombs saw the gold brick and received drillings made under his own eyes. These drillings being pronounced pure gold by assayers that same afternoon, Combs drew $8,000 from a bank and exchanged it for the brick.

Yesterday an assayer told him that the brick was brass and he went to the detectives. They are working on the case. The swindlers played the same trick near Los Angeles last winter, when they sold another brass brick for $1,500.

Fire Record.

In New York city, June 18, Huyler's candy manufactory, $40,000; in Jersey City, N., piers and docks of the Red Star Ocean Steamship line, $200,000; in Nashville, Ark., June 19, block of 20 buildings, including the postoffice, $20,000; in Buffalo, N. Y., the New York Central freight depot, $25,000; in Worcester, June 20, woolen mill of F. G. Kent & Co., $20,000; in Philadelphia, the storage shed of the Delaware River Chemical Works, $60,000; in Boston, June 21, the toy and fire works establishment of Hever Bros., was the scene of a disastrous fire. The loss was about $80,000. Five of the employes on the fifth floor were either burned to death or killed in jumping from the windows. Many of the others had hair-breadth escapes Two men secure release by crawling along narrow ledges in front of the building, and two others by sliding down the elevator rope. The continuous fusillade of the crackers and rockets gave the character of a mimic battle to the scene, and drew a dense crowd about the building.

The Manhattan Brass company, the largest manufacturers of brass goods in New York city, was completely burned out early on the June 24th, and their factory on First avenue and Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets entirely destroyed. The loss on building and stock is estimated to be nearly $300,000, divided as follows: $150,000 on tools and machinery, $75,000 on stock, and $75,000 on building, all of which is fully covered by insurance.

Sunday School Convention.

There sailed from New York June 19, for Liverpool on board the Bothnia 300 delegates to the world's Sunday school convention, which meets July 2. They come from all parts of the union, representing the Sunday schools of all the leading cities. They expect to reach London on July 29. On July 1 they will be received by the lord mayor of London, and on the following day the regular sessions of the convention will begin.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS of APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera, Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the system rendered less liable to contract diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25c. a box. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York.

ABOUT IMMIGRANTS.

How to Deal With the Castle Garden Paupers.

The emigrant commissioners at New York and Collector Erhardt had a conference on June 18 over the decision of Secretary Windom giving the collector of the port sole power to return objectionable immigrants. The commissioners have thought that they were supreme in the matter. Commissioner Stephenson proposed to Col. Erhardt that he should accept the recommendation of a single commissioner to return an immigrant.

Commissioner Hauselt opposed this saying that all recommendations of that character should come from the commissioners as a board, Colonel Erhardt rather leaned to that opinion but deferred his decision. Secretary Windom made another decision objectable to the Castle Garden magnates. He determined that impecunious immigrants when once permitted to land should be taken care of at Ward's Island for a year and then turned loose on the country.

The commissioners told the collector that they could demonstrate that they could save the emigrant fund $100 on every such immigrant by simply buying what are known as charity tickets from the steamship companies for $15 each and packing them off immediately. The collector told them to go ahead and demonstrate their proposition and he would forward it to the secretary.

The commissioners finally wanted the collector to assess the steamship companies for the living expenses while at the Garden of all immigrants compelled to wait in the Garden for money from relatives in America to take them to their destinations. This question was al eft for further consideration.

DEALING WITH THE INDIANS.

The Followers of Red Cloud Do Not Take Kindly to the Bill.

Every possible means are being employed by Red Cloud's party to delay favorable action at Pine Ridge Agency. The councils at which, by the unwritten law of the Indians, only chiefs are allowed to talk have a tendency to keep the bands together. This is one reason the Indians are so anxious to have them continued.

On the 21st Governor Foster and Major Warner had a section of land with its subdivision marked off so that the Indians might know the size of different allotments, and a large council followed, with the usual amount of clap-trap. There was one marked difference between it and the others.

No Flesh, Charging Shield, and a young Indian named Bear Nose made strong speeches in favor of accepting the bill. Little Wound and Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse were non-committal.

American Horse made a strong appeal to the Indians to support the bill. He said that its provisions gave the only hope they could ever expect to realize to secure the future for their families; that the majority of the Indians knew nothing about the bill, and did not want to know, and were willing to be led blind-folded and bound by the nose by their chiefs. He concluded by urging all to to think and act for themselves.

The sentiment of the majority of the Indians present at the council was, without a doubt, unfavorable. Gen. Crook continues to work quietly with individuals, and there are already signs that the leaven is working in the mass of Indian dough. It is believed that American Horse and Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, with a majority of their band, will eventually sign. A symptom of rebellion is reported in Red Cloud's following.

OHIO REPUBLICANS.

The State Convention Now Gathering—The Probable Result.

COLUMBUS, June 25.—(Special.)—There may have been stranger conventions than this one, but the records have been lost. It is Foraker everywhere, and yet Foraker is the only man mentioned for the office who is not asking for it. The friends of Kennedy, Lampson, Dawes, Vance, O'Neall, Gibson, Neil, Jones and so on all down the list are talking to delegates, extolling the virtues of their candidates and telling of the sure victory which would follow their nomination, but the Foraker people are quiet. You can ask a man: "Whom do you favor?" and the answer will come back: "Foraker!"

"But will Foraker accept?"

"I don't know; but I am for him."

This much is already settled. Foraker's name will not be presented to the convention. Other candidates will be named in set speeches, and the eight hundred and odd delegates will be forced to listen to glowing eulogies of their private characters and public fame, but so long as nominating speeches last, the name of Joseph Benson Foraker will not be heard in the convention, unless some orator mentions it incidentally, or an enthusiast shouts it from the gallery.

It would certainly be an unwise move for the friends of any of the avowed candidates to even whisper Foraker, for such is the temper of the delegates that it would produce something like the uproar which swept over the national convention of 1884, when the blind orator of Ohio put the name of James G. Blaine before that body.

Want Foraker.

"I don't care if Foraker's name is not put in nomination," said Clarence Brown this morning, "we can vote for him without it," and that expresses pretty clearly the views of the Foraker men. That they will vote for him, and that on the first ballot, there can not be any doubt, and the only thing which can stop a Foraker stampede is the absolute announcement from the governor that under no circumstances would he accept a nomination.

Such a declaration is not looked for, as Governor Foraker is thought too good a Republican to refuse to stand a draft.

Hence the idea that there will be great times in the convention to-morrow when Adams county casts its "five votes" for Foraker.

More Indian Outlawry Reported from Montana.

News been received from Arlee, the principal town on Flat Head reservation on June 25, says that sheriff Heybarn and the posse of Missoula county who went to the reserve to arrest three Indian murderers, are having a battle with the Indians who refuse to give up the men wanted. Two of the Indians are reported to have been killed already.

Agent Ronan has called on the officer at Fort Missoula for troops, but that official is waiting orders from Washington. In the meantime a posse of well-known citizens from Missoula, headed by the mayor, has been organized and is on its way to aid the sheriff. The civil officers are determined to arrest the murderers and, as the Indians are determined not to give them up, serious trouble is feared.

Sunday for the Barber.

The Supreme court of Indiana, on June 19 decided the case of appeal by Barber Knox, who was arrested and fined for keeping open on Sunday. The court holds that shaving and hair-cutting are not works of necessity within the meaning of the statute, and the judgment of fine in the lower court is affirmed.

PLACED IN HIS GRAVE.

The Remains of John Sevier, First Governor of Tennessee, Reinterred.

The remains of John Sevier, first governor of Tennessee, were on June 20 reinterred in Knoxville with imposing ceremonies. The casket arrived from Chattanooga, whither it has been brought from Alabama about 1 o'clock, accompanied by the governor and his staff, state officials and a committee of the legislature. Owing to rain, the procession did not move until 3 o'clock. The afternoon was beautiful. The procession was composed of state and city officials, descendants of Gov. Sevier, Tennessee military companies and civic organizations. The line of march was more than two miles long.

Twenty thousand people assembled at the court-house to witness the ceremony of reinterment. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. T. W. Humes, and Governor Taylor made an address, delivering the casket to Knoxville. The oration of the occasion was then delivered by the Hon. W. A. Henderson and Capt. J. W. McCallum read a poem. The ceremonies of reinterment were conducted by the Rev. Dr. James Park. The city was handsomely decorated, and the ceremonial was the most imposing ever witnessed in Tennessee. A fund has been started to erect a monument to cost $20,000 over Sevier's grave in Knoxville.

SIMON CAMERON DYING.

The Noted Pennsylvania Republican Nearing the Dark River.

Gen. Simon Cameron has been prostrated at his home, Donegal Springs, near Lancaster, Pa., with paralysis. His entire right side is paralyzed. The general was in bed when the stroke came, on June 21.

Gen. Cameron had a weak spell during the night, of June 24, but subsequently rallied. On the morningof the 25th he is very weak and the doctors say he cannot possibly survive another 24 hours.

[Simon Cameron was born in Lancaster, county, Pa., March 8., 1799. His first work of a printer's devil and in 1820 he became editor of a paper at Doylestown, Pa. In 1822 he removed to Harrisburg, where he edited a Democratic journal, became president of a bank, and subsequently of two railroad companies. In 1845 he was elected United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Buchanan, his term closing in 1849. He acted with the Democratic party, voting in favor of declaring that war existed with Mexico, and in favor of the proposition to extend the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific. After the repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854 he allied himself with the Republican party, and in 1857 was again elected United States senator. In the Republican convention held at Chicago in May, 1860, he was proposed as a candidate for the presidency, and on the first ballot received about 50 votes. Mr. Cameron's name was then withdrawn, his friends voting for Mr. Lincoln. On President Lincoln's inauguration, March 4, 1861, Mr. Cameron became secretary of war. He remained in the cabinet till Jan. 14, 1862, when he resigned, and was appointed minister to Russia, but returned in November. In 1866 he was again elected to the United States senate, and in 1872 was chosen chairman of the committee on foreign relations, in place of Mr. Sumner. He was re-elected in 1873, but resigned in 1877, and was succeeded by his son J. Donald Cameron.]

JOHNSTOWN.

Feeding the Hungry.

Col. Spangler, in charge of the commissary department, has presented his weekly report to Adjtant General Hastings. The report shows 25,000 people still being daily fed here by the state, a reduction in the number of 3,500 during the week. Spangler recommends the relief money be turned over to the citizens, and that necessary supplies be purchased from sixteen general stores and three bakeries now running here. The report suggests that one-third of the present commiss